

NEW

# Shadow COMICS

JUNE 1940

10¢  
CENTS



ROBERTO ALBANI



THE FUGITIVE



MIKE LARSEN



FRANK BRIDGEMAN



"Solve a Crime!"

THE NEWEST PICTURE  
PUZZLE

WITH MODEL AIRPLANE KITS  
AND BASEBALLS

Dear "Shadow Comics" Readers:

You boys and girls have certainly approved of SHADOW COMICS. The artist who draws The Shadow looked over your many thousands of letters which we have received. He was thrilled by your comments. For The Shadow is yours—your own character, on the radio, in the movies, in THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, and now in THE SHADOW COMICS. It is the most widely featured comic in all America, and we want to keep it

your favorite, so whenever you think of something new about The Shadow, or whether you take a crack at him, drop a line to the Editor. He will always be glad to hear from you.

In this issue there is the second "Solve-a-Crime Mystery." This

one is a little trickier than the one that was in last month, but it is mighty easy to figure out. Just read the comic carefully and you will soon see what it was that made Carrer decide that Richard Kentmore was Hack Jack.

Put your answer on a postcard and mail it to us not later than May 27th—for no card received after May 27th will count.

Everybody who reads THE SHADOW COMICS is privileged to enter this contest. There is no coupon to be clipped from the book, so if you pass your copy along to a friend of yours, ask him to try his hand at solving the mystery also.

We are getting more swell reports from the various Hull Forum Clubs around the country. The boys in these clubs are making model airplanes. Bring them, holding tournaments—but best of all, they are learning what makes an airplane fly, by the most scientific method possible, from the lessons which we read the club. If you have not already joined one of our Model Airplane Clubs, I would recommend that you do so at once.

And now, so long until next month.

*The Editor*

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# Shadow



YEAH, THIS IS A DUNK STOP OVER. SQUINT BEAK THUNGLE WILL BE NEEDING US WHEN HE GETS BACK TONIGHT....

STRANGE BUSINESS OCCUPIES BEAK THUNGLE THE ABSENT CROOK WHOSE TRAIL THE SHADOW IS SEEKING IN NEW YORK FAR FROM THE CITY—

SHADOW COMICS

JUNE 1948

VOLUME 1 — NO. 4

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LOOK  
TRAPPING  
BEAK  
THUNGLE  
AND THE  
JEWEL  
THEVES,  
THE  
SHADOW  
IS SUDDENLY  
CONFRONTED  
BY ZOVEX,  
STRANGE  
SERVANT  
OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
HEAD!

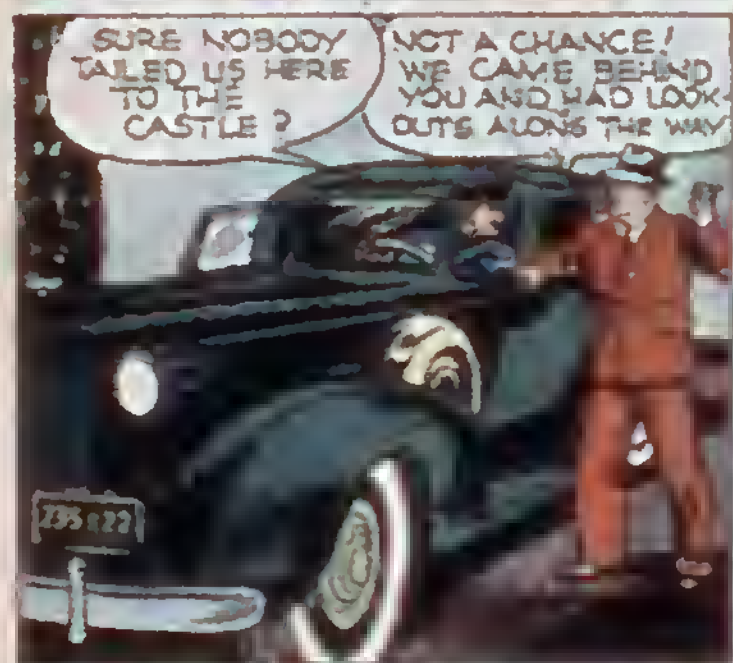




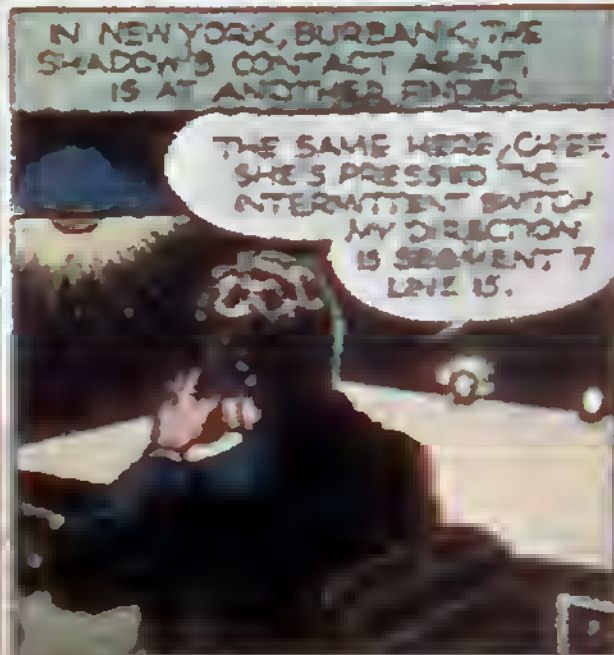




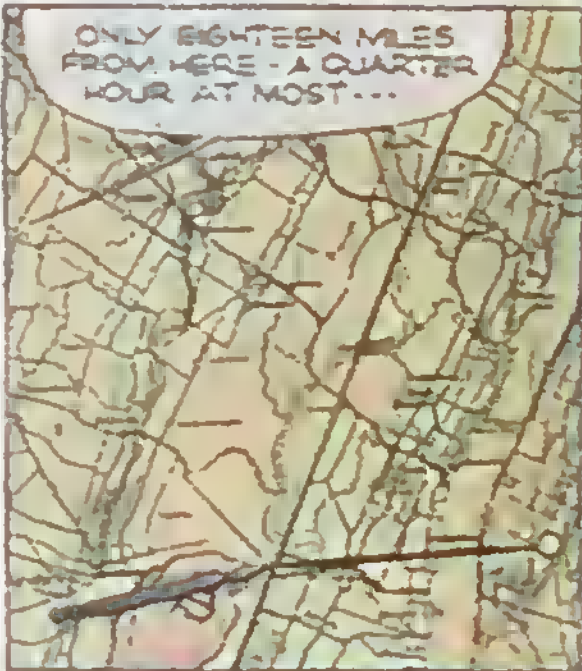
THAT EVENING, MARGOT FOLLOWS THE SUGGESTION OF LAMONT CRANSTON OTHERWISE THE SHADOW.



AT HIS NEW JERSEY HOME, LAMONT CRANSTON, SUPPOSED AS THE SHADOW, IS TAKING THE DIRECTIONS FROM A RADIO FINDER, STOWED IN MARGOT'S BAG..











AGAIN THE SHADOW MEETS ZOYEX, MYSTERIOUS SERVANT OF THE HEAD-- A CREATION IMMUNE TO BULLETS.



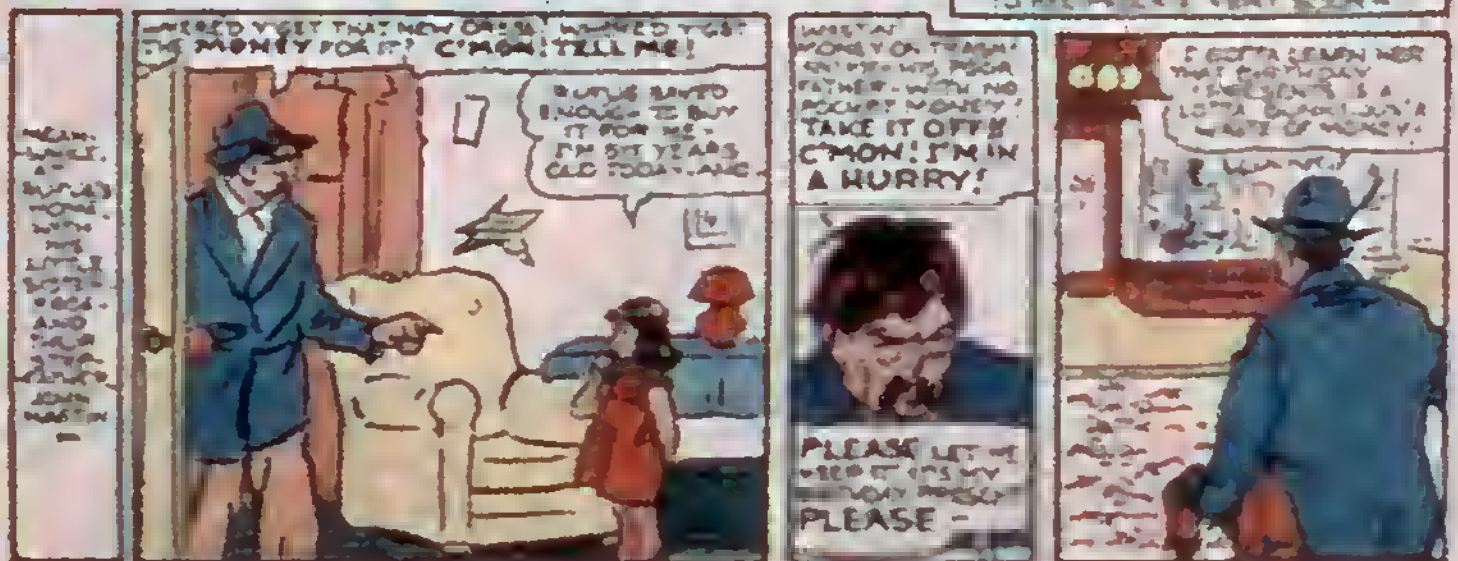




ROUGH AND READY

# ROUGH AND READY

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.





THEY ROCK SHOP'S GETTIN' CHEAPER IN CHEAPER! ONLY FIFTY CENTS FOR A DRESS LIKE THAT! OH WELL - I CAN STILL SELL THE PAWN TICKET!



FAILING TO SELL THE PAWNTICKET, AND HIS MONEY ALL GONE - MARTIN HAS RETURNED HOME AND IS SOUND ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR - SHORTLY AFTER, RUFUS ARRIVES - AND ON BEING TOLD OF MARTIN'S CRUELTY TO ROSE, ANGRY AND JUSTIFIABLY SEARCHES MARTIN'S POCKETS AND FINDS - AS WAS EXPECTED - THE PAWNTICKET -



THEY'RE GONE! AND NO FOOD OR MONEY IN THE HOUSE - THE BEAST! BUT I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM ANYWAY! A LOTTA THANKS I'M GETTIN' FOR GIVIN' 'EM A HOME!



AT FIFTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET, RUFUS AND ROSE MEET MISS MANNING, AN OLD FRIEND WHO IS FINDING IT HARD TO GET ALONG -

- AND RIGHT NOW WE'RE HOME HUNTING - MISS MANNING - ONE FOR ROSE AT LEAST -

RUFUS: WHY CAN'T ROSE STAY WITH ME? I HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM - AND WOULD ENJOY HER COMPANY VERY MUCH!

MISS MANNING: A SPLENDID IDEA, MISS MANNING! AND I'LL RENT A ROOM FOR MYSELF! HEARBY! NOW IF YOU CAN GIVE ROSE BOARD AND ROOM - AND A LITTLE TUTORING - I'LL GLADLY PAY YOU \$5 DOLLARS A WEEK! WE -

WHY RUFUS! YOU'RE EXTREMELY GENEROUS! WHY - FOR THAT AMOUNT - IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU HAVE YOUR MAIN MEAL WITH US EACH DAY!





**LATER**

— AND FURTHERMORE — WE'RE NEVER GOING BACK TO YOU! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRUELTY! AND WE OWE YOU NOTHING! JUST LEAVE US ALONE! NOW GO! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

YOU'LL PAY FOR TREATIN' ME LIKE THIS — YOU YOUNG UPSTART!

SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED — WITH THE FURNITURE AND ALL OF HIS LATE WIFE'S POSSESSIONS SOLD, AND THE MONEY SPENT FOR LIQUOR — MARTIN IS NOW HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE IN THE OFFICE OF A FORMER FRIEND —

— AND NO, MARTIN, I'LL NOT GIVE YOU A DIME! BUT I CAN PUT YOU TO WORK IMMEDIATELY ON ONE OF MY JOBS AT CONEY ISLAND. IF YOU'LL STAY SOBER, I HAVE NO CHOICE!

I LIKE! AND I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, RUFUS! I'M REALLY HERE VERY VERY HAPPY! IT'S A FINE PIECE OF LUCK FOR ALL OF US, MISS MARRINE. LET'S TAKE THE DAY OFF AND GO TO CONEY ISLAND TO CELEBRATE!

**AT CONEY ISLAND**

THEY'RE ABOUT THE WAY TO DRIVE A REAL CAR, RUFUS!

OH! THIS IS FUN!

YIPPIE!

HEY! YEEZ THEM THREE IN THE SECOND CART? FOLLOW 'EM — GET THEIR STREET 'N' NUMBER FOR ME — AN' I'LL GIVE Y' TWO BUCKS!

OHAY! GIMME SOME COUGH FOR CARFARE!

THE END OF A PRETTY DAY!

I HAVEN'T ENJOYED MYSELF SO MUCH IN YEARS!

I WANT TO GO AGAIN TOMORROW!

I HAD A PERFECT TIME TOO! WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE MORE CELEBRATIONS LATER ON! WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK NOW!

BOSS — LEVIN ON CLUTTERED BY TEATY TONY! I'LL LEAVE IT TO HIM!

HERE'S THE STREET AN' NUMBER OF THEIR HOUSE — ON THIS PAPER! BUT GIMME THE TWO BUCKS FIRST!

OHAY! BUT Y' BETTER GET OUTA THE COUNTRY, IF THAT'S FINNEY —











WITH ROSE BACK IN MISS MANNING'S CARE AGAIN AND HE SOON AS POSSIBLE - AT A NEW ADDRESS - FLURRY- DECIDING ON LEGAL-RAID-ER THAN IN-LEGAL-ATTORNEY FOR MR. MARTIN - CALLS ON HIS NEW D.D. - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY - AND TELLS HIS STORY -

-AND- SO YOU SEE, MR. TURNER, I DON'T WORRY MY BOY STILL - OUR STEPS ARE - AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE AND - I'M ONLY SEVEN TEEN - FOR ME - I'M ONLY YOU - GLAD TO HELP - MARTIN - WILL NEVER TROUBLE YOU AGAIN - ASSURE YOU -



AND MY APPRECIATION DOESN'T END HERE, MY BOY! YOU SEE, I'M RATHER AN OLD MAN NOW - ALL ALONE IN A LARGE COMFORTABLE HOUSE - WITH PLENTY OF ROOM FOR YOU - ROSE AND MISS MANNING - PERMANENTLY - AND - BY THE WAY - THERE'S A JOB WAITING IN HERE FOR YOU -



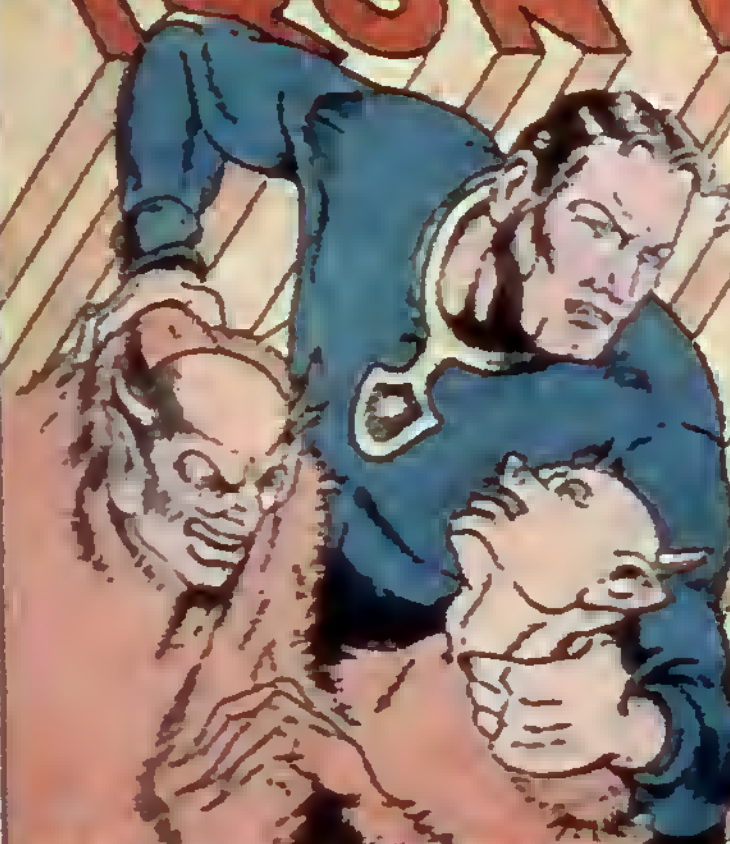
CONT. MISS 'BRAVE BRIDE' - ANOTHER STORY BY MORRIS ALGER, JR. IN NEXT MONTH'S -

SHADOW COMICS



# IRON MUNRO


## THE ASTOUNDING MAN



HURLED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE THROUGH A WARP IN SPACE, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER BORN YOUNG SCIENTIST, AND SPENCE CARLISLE, CHEMIST AND OWNER OF A GREAT SHIPYARD, ARE HELPING THE MADYANS, DESCENDANTS OF SURVIVORS OF EARTH'S LOST CONTINENT, IN THEIR WAR WITH THE TEPFLANS. THE TEPFLANS HAVE STOLEN THE DATA PLATES, WHICH TELL HOW TO RETURN TO EARTH. IRON AND SPENCE GO TO TEP-EL TO STEAL THEM BACK BEFORE TEP-EL IS DESTROYED. IRON STAYS OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF KAKKACILL TO MANEUVER AN INVESTIGATOR TO GUIDE SPENCE. AS SPENCE FINDS THE HEAVY DATA PLATES, AN ALARM SOUNDS AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH GUARDS. SPENCE DROPS A DARKNESS BOMB AND ---


GET YOUR HEAT-VISOR ON, SPENCE!

OK, IRON. STAND BY ME!



WITH THE HEAT-VISOR, SPENCE CAN SEE WITH INFRARED RAYS THROUGH THE CHEMICAL FOG.

UGH! I WISH WE'D KNOWN THE PLATES WOULD BE THIS HEAVY... OH-OH, THEY'RE SURROUNDING ME! THEY CAN'T SEE A THING THROUGH THIS FOG, BUT ---!



HERE'S A STEPPING-STONE FOR YOU, BUDDY!

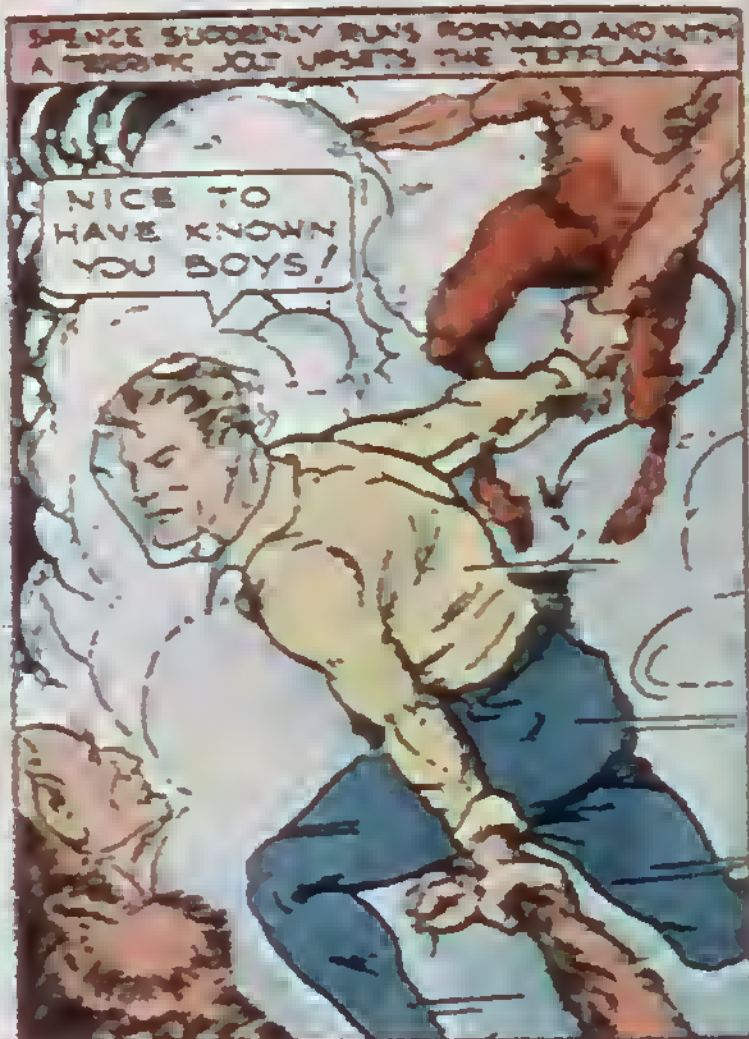


CARLISLE SETS THE PLATES DOWN -

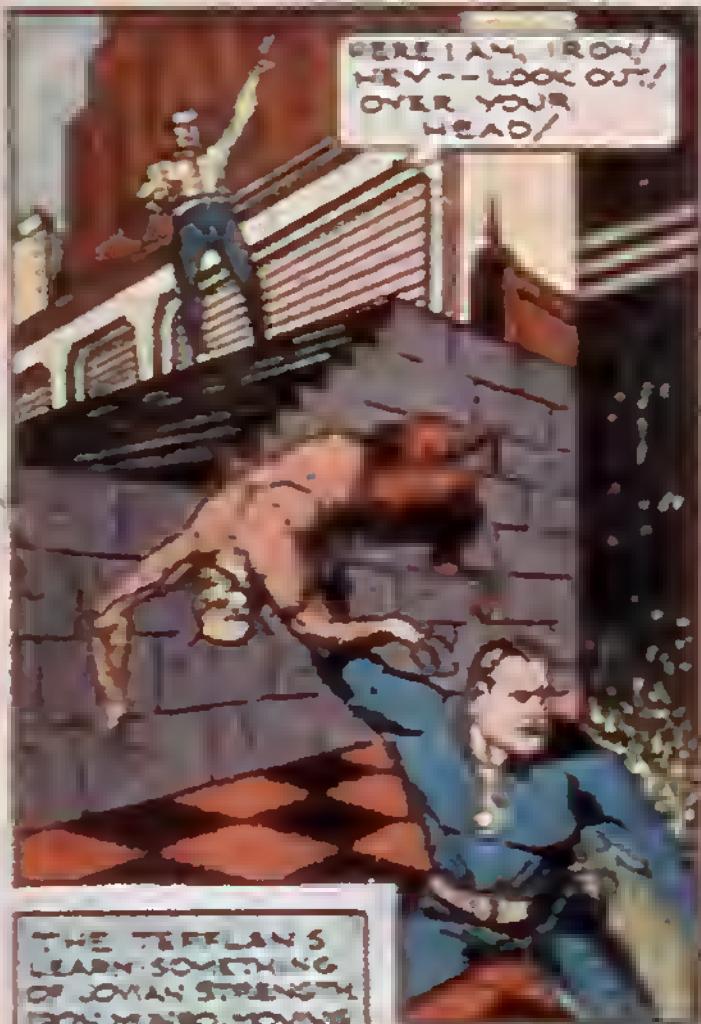
THAT MAKES YOU THE GOAT SHAGGY-LEGS!



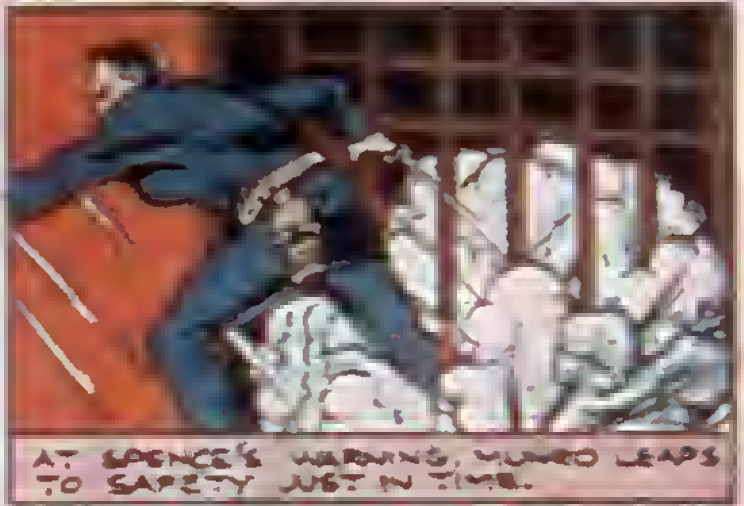
-TRIPPING THE CLUNNY TEPFLANS







HERE I AM, IRON!  
HEY--LOOK OUT!  
OVER YOUR  
HEAD!



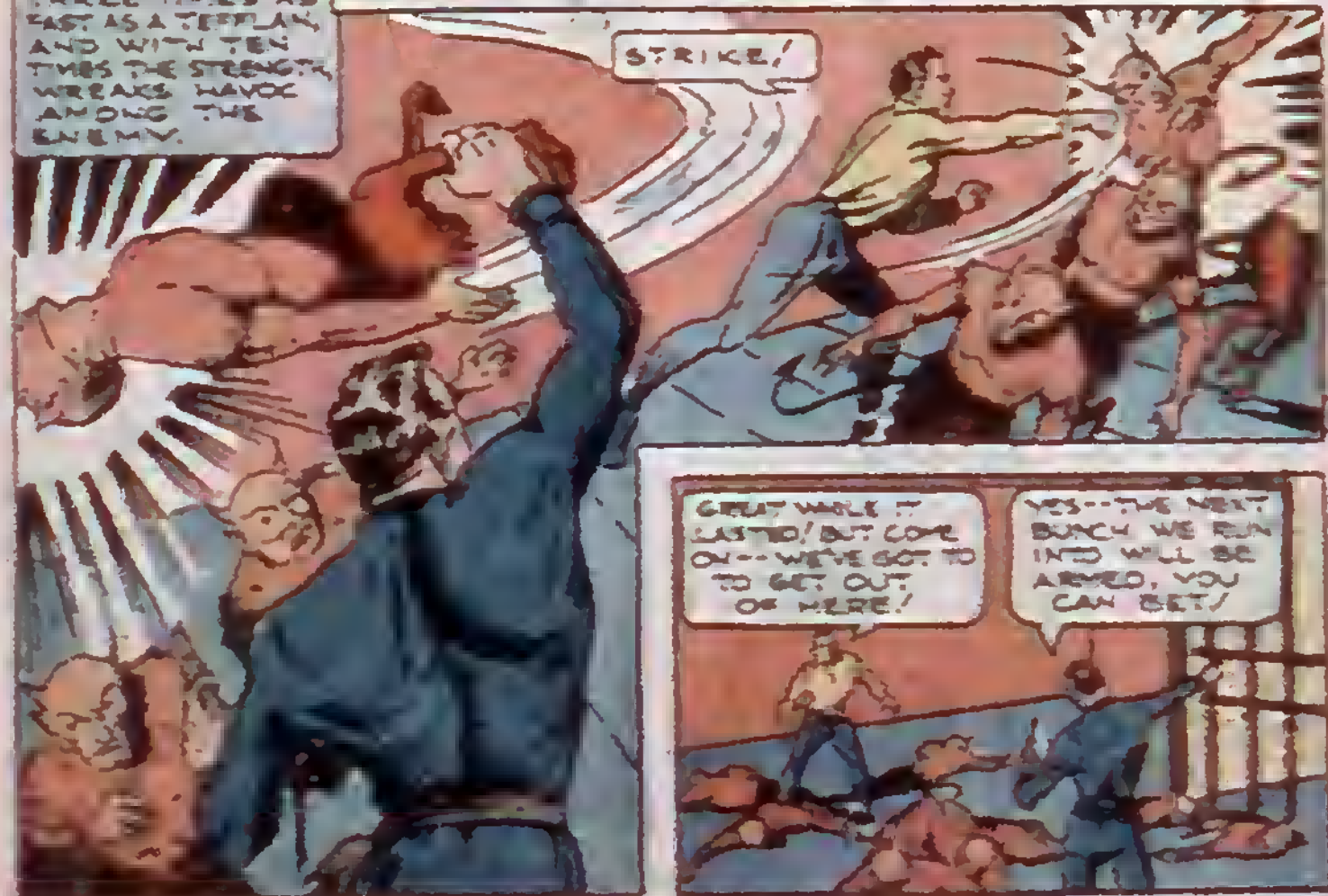
AT SPENCE'S WARNING, MUNRO LEAPS  
TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME.



BY JUPITER,  
YOU MADE IT!

YEAH, SAFE--ON  
THE INSIDE LOOK-  
ING OUT. AND DON'T  
LOOK NOW, BUT  
THERE'S ABOUT  
FIFTY TEFFLANS  
COMING OUR WAY!

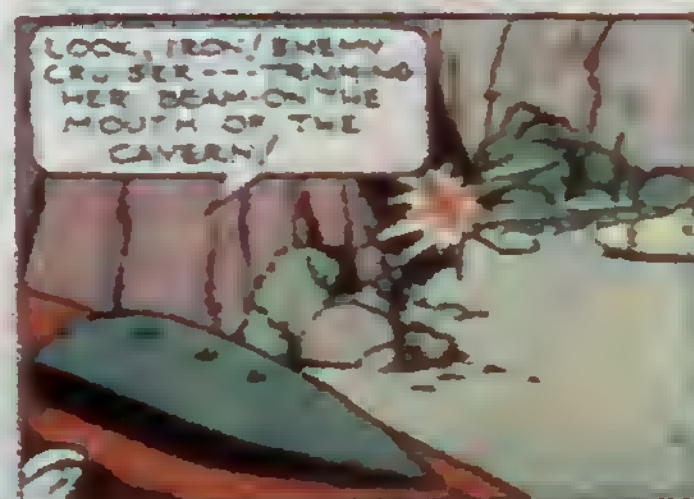
THE TEFFLANS  
LEARN SOMETHING  
OF JOVIAN STRENGTH  
IRON MUNRO, MOVING  
THREE TIMES AS  
FAST AS A TEFFLAN,  
AND WITH TEN  
TIMES THE STRENGTH  
WREAKS HAVOC  
AMONG THE  
ENEMY.



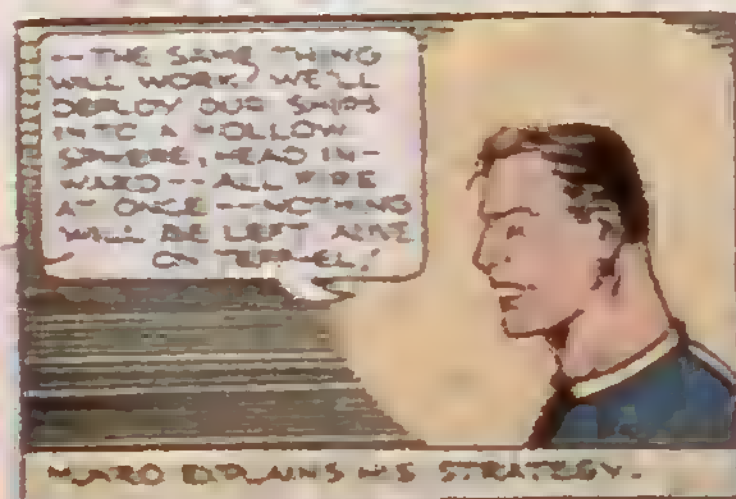
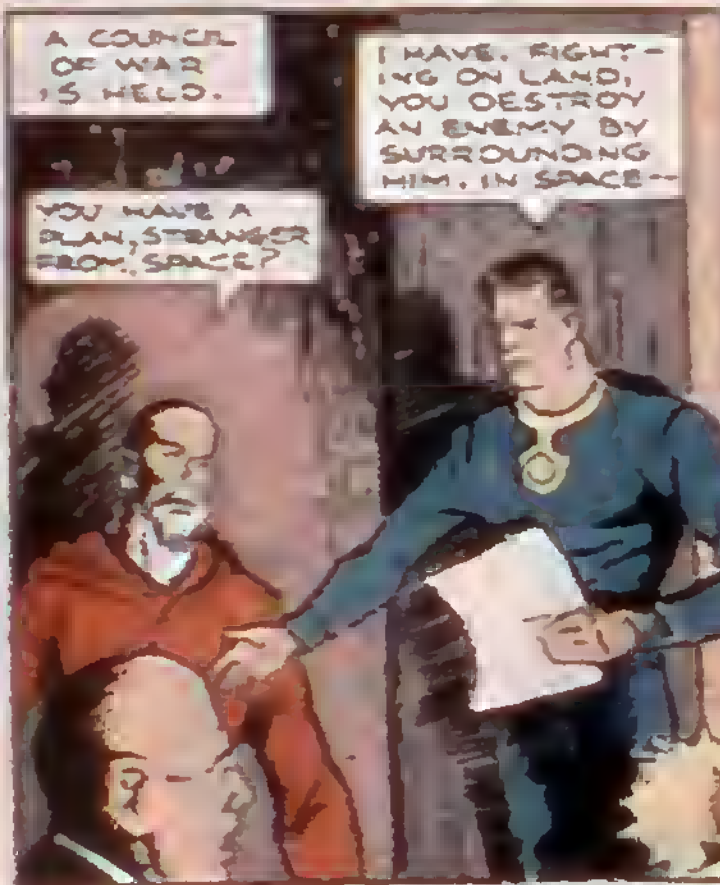
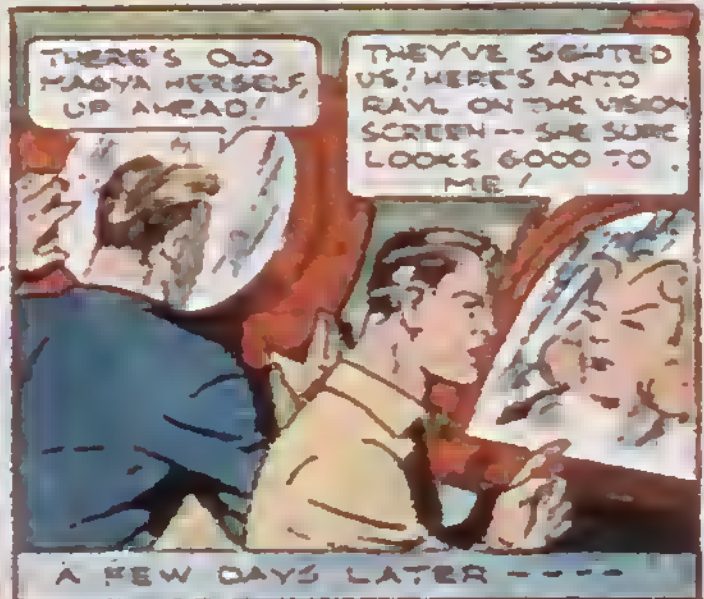
STRIKE!

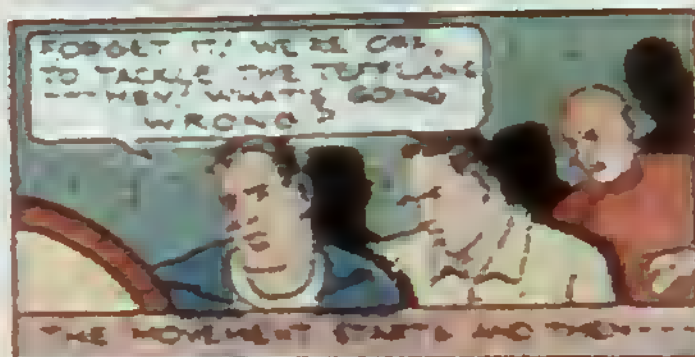
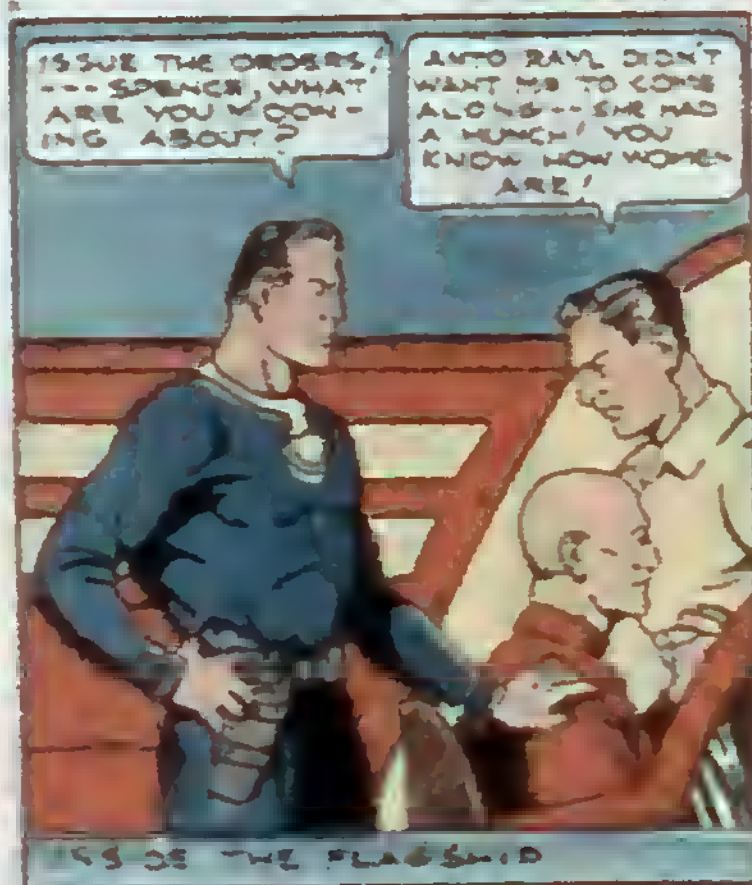
GREAT WHILE IT  
LASTED! BUT COME  
ON--WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

YES--THE NEXT  
BUNCH WE RUN  
INTO WILL BE  
ARMED, YOU  
CAN GET!



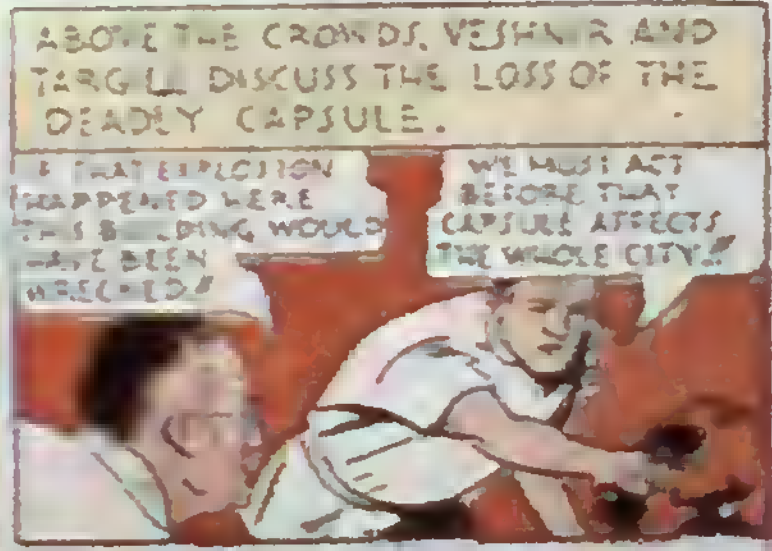
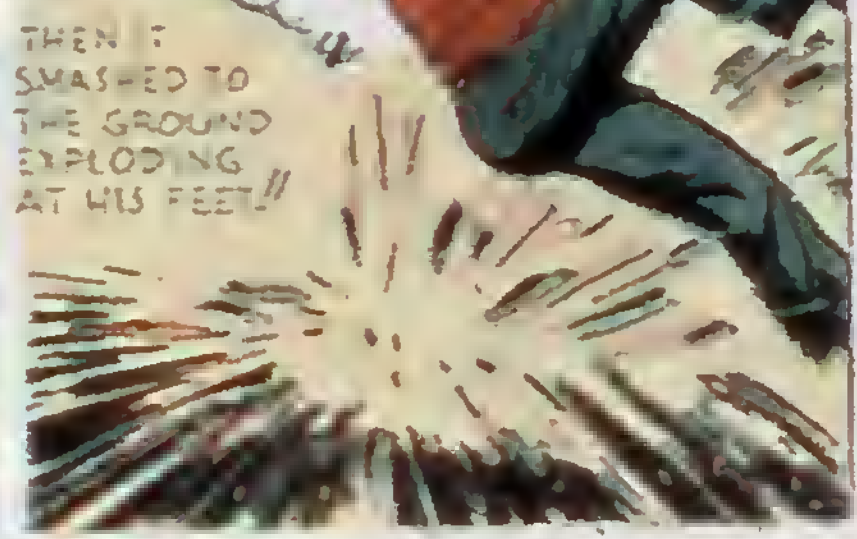
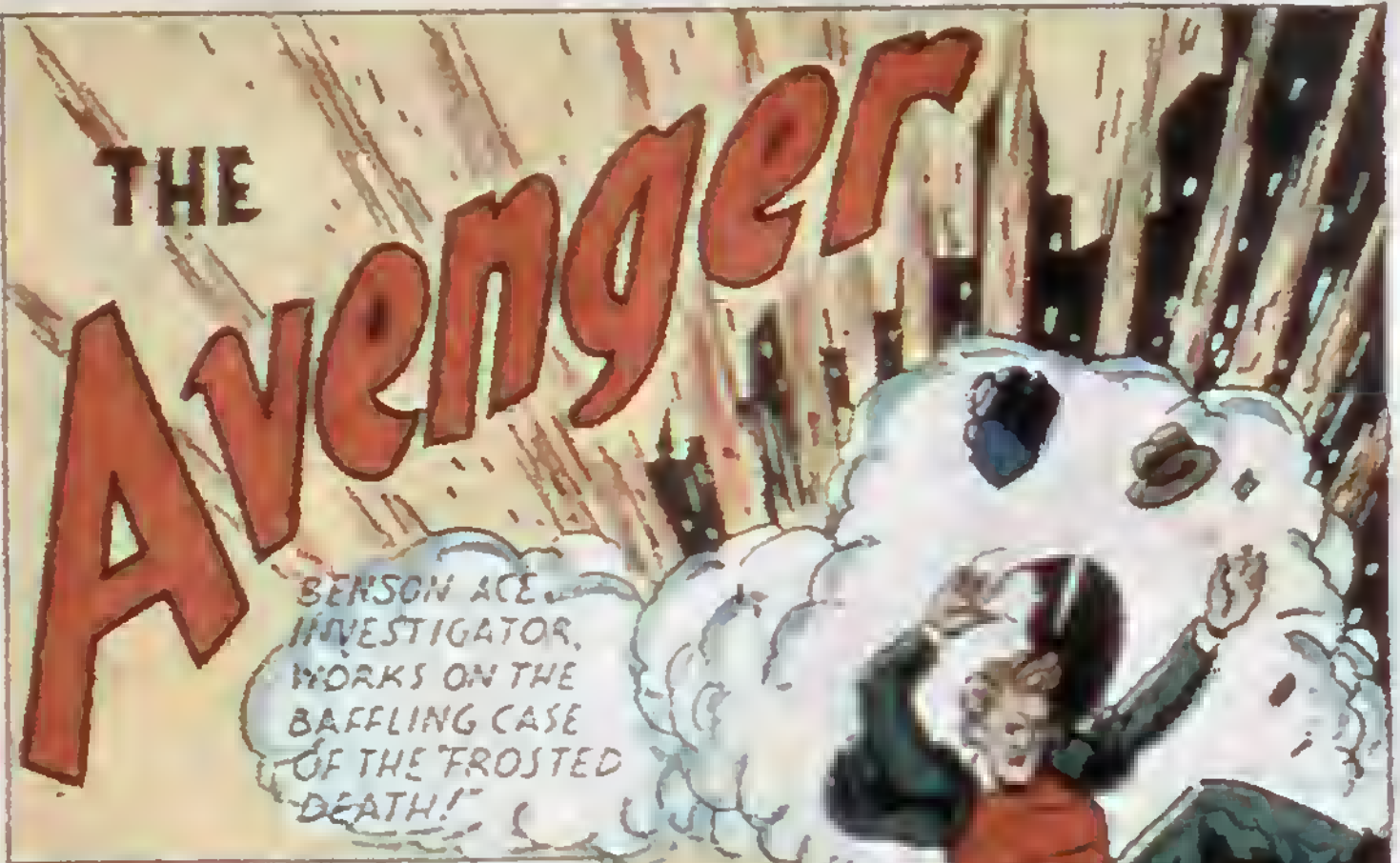


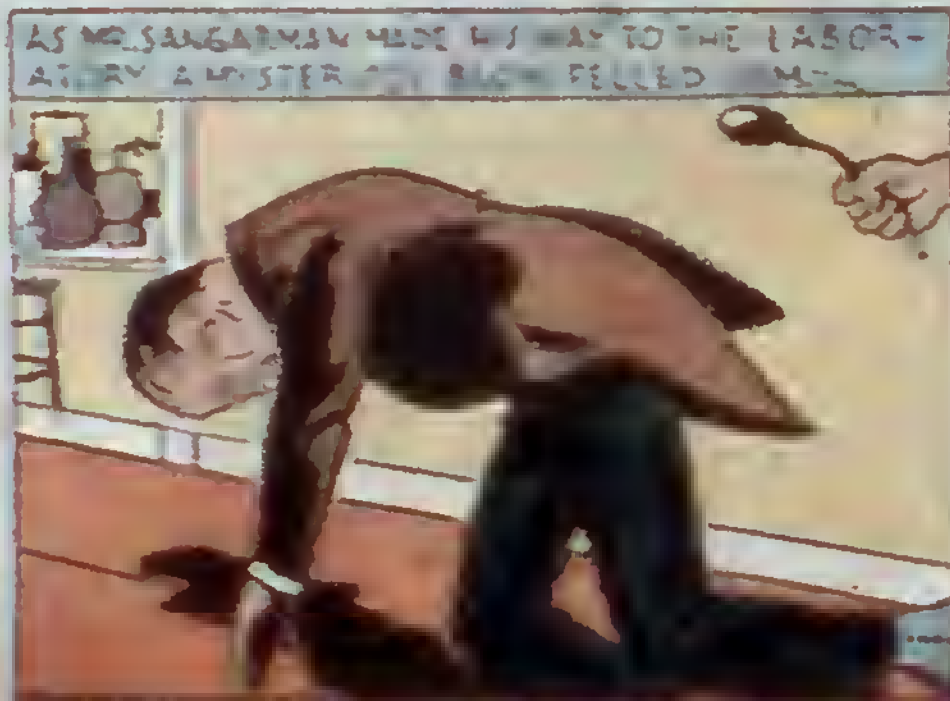




---THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THE BATTLE ZONE, THE CREW OF THE SHIP SO NAMED -- THE ROCKET'S ZOOM OUT OF CONTROL DESTROYING ONE ANOTHER! WHAT STRANGE WEAPON HAVE THE TEFPLANS UNLEASHED? LEARN THE TREMENDOUS ANSWER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**SHADOW COMICS**









JOHN BRAUN BEGINS TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE FROSTED DEATH POWDER.



BY RADIO AND TELEPHONE, POLICE ARE URGED TO FIND BENSON, THE AVENGER!



YA GOTTA GET BENSON!!

CHECK ON BENSON EVERY MINUTE!

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR BENSON!

CALLING BENSON!!

WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, BRAUN PHONES FOR HELP.



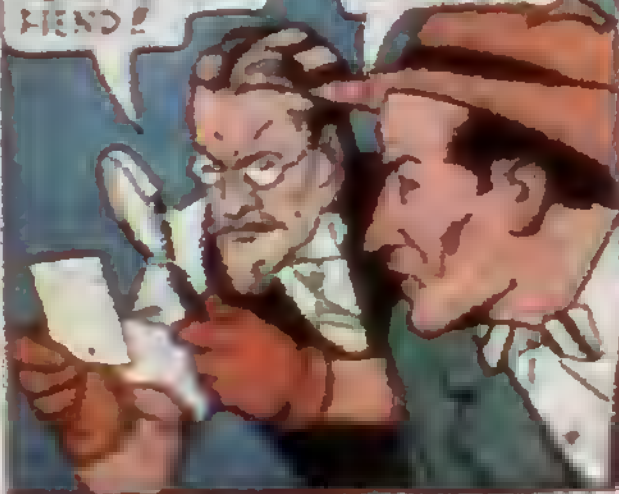
WHY HE LOOKS LIKE A SNOW MAN, DOC. WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

OFFICER, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BAFFLING CASE IN ALL MY PRACTICE!



THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING DEVELOPED BY A LOW FILTHY FIEND!

GUESS IT'S A CASE FOR US COPS! WHAT SAY DOC?



YES! HE ENTERED AT BENSON'S DOOR AS TARELL BREATHED HIS LAST, HAVING BEEN HIT WITH THE RADIUM NEEDLE!

I JUST HAD TO TELL HIM! WE'D HAVE SQUEALED TO THE POLICE!



THE SCHEMING VESHA R, STARTLES THE DAZED SANGARMAN.

DON'T LIE, SANGARMAN! WHY DID YOU KILL TARGILL? WHY?

I KILLED TARGILL!! YOU'RE MAD!!

WIPE MY FINGER-PRINTS FROM THAT RADIUM NEEDLE!

WHY OF COURSE MR. SANGARMAN.

BUT WHY VESHA R PLACED IT WHERE THE POLICE WOULD FIND IT! FINGER-PRINTS AND ALL!

DOC. THIS BENSON, THE AVENGER, IS CERTAINLY A BIG SHOT DETECTIVE!

I DON'T BELIEVE BENSON EVER WORKED ON A CASE HE DIDN'T SOLVE!

IN NO TIME BENSON WAS ON THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE DAY.

LOOK DOC. DON'T STALL. BENSON KNOWS EVERYTHING!

WELL, BENSON, IF YOU SAY IT'S MURDER IT'S CERTAINLY MURDER!!

YES, MURDER! NOTHING BUT!



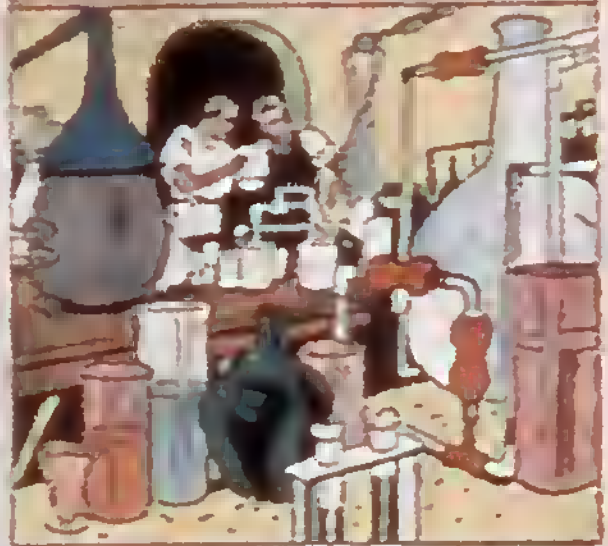
EXPERT CHEMIST JOINED ANALYZE THE MYSTERIOUS "FROST DEATH" POWDER AT BENSON'S REQUEST.

MAC THIS IS THE MOST DEADLY STUFF I EVER HEARD OF MAKE THE CLOSEST ANALYSIS AND REPORT TO ME!

YES MR. BENSON! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE THING BUT I'LL DO IT!



IN THE REAR OF A LITTLE DRUG STORE BENSON'S LABORATORY A DEE DELVE INTO THE SECRET OF THE POWDER.



WITH THEIR SUPER-TELEVISION SET "SMITTY" AND "MAC" REPORT TO BENSON

WELL! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT SMITTY?

THIS POWDER HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED IF IT GETS ON A HUMAN BODY IT WOULD KILL QUICKLY!!



MAC'S FIRST LOOK INTO THE MICROSCOPE SCARED HIM STEEP.



AND NOW THE DOCTOR IS STRICKEN

I HAVE WHAT BRAIN DIED OF?

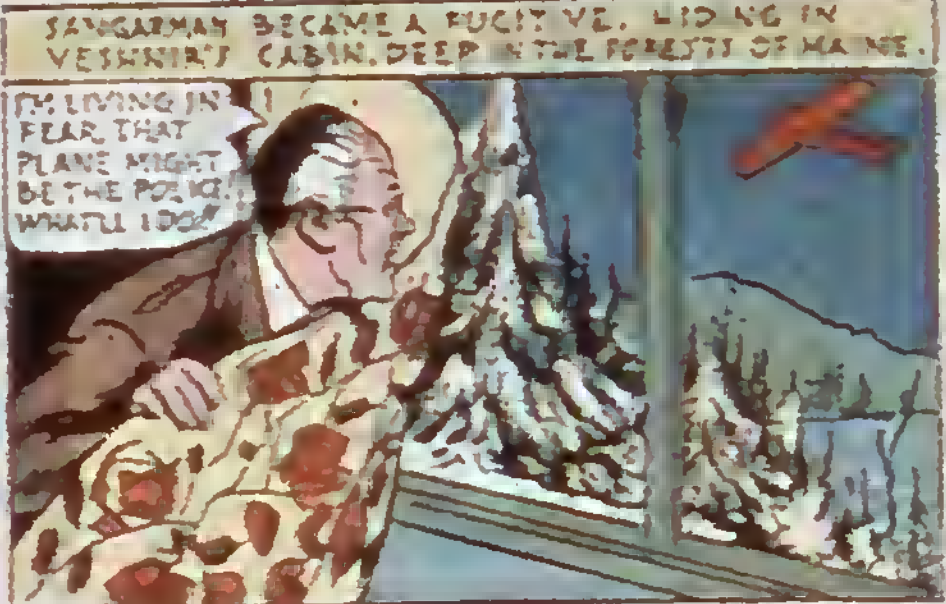
WHAT? YOU TOO?



HNT THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR IT DOCTOR?

NO I'LL BE DEAD IN SIX HOURS!!





IN A LUXURIOUS PARK AVE. APARTMENT,  
SANGARMAN'S DAUGHTER CLAUDETTE IS SHOCKED  
BY THE GLARING HEADLINES.



CLAUDETTE VISITS BENSON.



NELLIE GRAY, A BENSON AIDE, BRINGS  
SOME REPORTS.





SMITTY AND BENSON GO FORTH INTO THE MURKY NIGHT FOR CLUES TO THE FIRST DEATH



EVEN A 12<sup>TH</sup> FLOOR CAN BE REACHED FROM THE OUTSIDE WHEN BENSON PLANS IT



A PIG IN PANTS----WHY?



THERE WAS A SOUND AT THE DOOR, SOMEONE WAS WORKING AT THE LOCK





WITH A CAREFULLY AIMED KNIFE, BENSON DIS-ARMED THE BOLDEST OF THE GANGSTERS.



A BLACK-JACK KEEPS SMITTY FROM HELPING BENSON.



YOUR PARTNER SANGARMAN'S REPUTATION IS GOOD!

HE DID SECRET WORK IN THE LABORATORY! HE TAMPERED WITH OUR BOOKS AND HELPED HIM WITH MONEY! I DON'T THINK HE KILLED TARGILL!



OLD TAYLOR WHOSE MILLIONS YES-HA R. PLOTTED TO ANNEX IS FOUND DEAD ON HIS GREAT ESTATE.







# Learn how to FLY A MODEL AIRPLANE RIGHT!



All over the country, in schools like the following: High School, Princeton, N. J.; Central High School, Columbus, O.; High School, Martinsburg, Pa.; Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.; High School, Renova, Pa.; High School, Tracy, Pa., and in clubs organized by School Teachers, Scout Masters, Sunday School Teachers, Boys Club Managers, etc., the boys of America are learning the principles of how to fly and how to build a model plane that will fly properly. They are learning from lessons prepared by Joe Ott, one of the truly great authorities on why an airplane flies and how to build an accurate model.

These lessons are supplied at cost to members of Bill Barker's Model Airplane Clubs. The model planes illustrated in each lesson can be purchased at 25% reduction.

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Never before has such a service been offered a model airplane club in connection with a magazine. Fill in the coupon

on this page and mail it today with 10 cents and you will receive, in value, much more than the 10 cents, and also a plan for organizing a club which will keep you pleasantly occupied all summer long, in the most engaging hobby you have ever tried—model airplane building.

## BILL BARKER

79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me one of each of the four lessons which you now supply to schools; send me full rate of the price you quote on the model which forms part of the lessons and a copy of the world's largest aviation magazine, AIR TRAILS, which also forms part of the lesson and which sells for 15c six copies. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing and wrapping for which, I understand, you will send me everything promised.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TITLE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

He wasn't even a rookie.

but he proved what

cops are made of!

## MURDER IN UNIFORM

by NORMAN A. DANIELS

**J**OHNNY McLAREN was almost a cop. While he waited for the bus he thumbed the well-worn pages of his police manual and studied the contents under the yellow glare of a street light.

He climbed aboard the bus, took a rear seat, and closed the manual while he went over the regulations in his mind. At the next stop, he almost prematurely watched a uniformed patrolman get aboard.

The cop dropped his material in the slot, nodded to a man who followed him, and both sat down in the same seat.

Johnny McLaren frowned a little. There was something wrong with that picture.

The patrolman and his companion got out near the end of the line. Johnny McLaren still had two stations to go, but he got out, too.

The two men he trailed turned the next corner, but McLaren was after them.

He spotted the two men, and crouched slightly when two others came, as if near an abandoned house. The man with the brief case thrust his right hand toward his hip pocket.

At that moment, the patrolman raised the nightstick he carried and swung it with murderous effect.

McLaren picked up one of the old bricks and carefully hurled it. The muffled crash

one man fell in the back, dropped him across the form of the victim. The other two swung around.

"Close in!" McLaren yelled loudly. "Take 'em from the left, you two!"

He remembered that the murdered man had reached for his hip pocket and there he discovered a .32 automatic.

McLaren, young, untrained, headed for the doorway with all the enthusiasm of youth. A shot rang out and the bullet whizzed by his cheek.

Soon he was out of range of anyone. To find his target, the gambler would have to step out—and McLaren fervently hoped he would try it.





If he were a full-fledged cop, with experience, he might have realized the riskiness that existed; but Johnny McLaren was young and eager.

A shadowy figure, halfway up the stairs, snapped a shot.

McLaren raised the automatic he had taken from the murdered man and squeezed the trigger. The man on the stairs pitched down the steps.

McLaren then fired two quick shots that sent the killers fleeing for the safety of a bedroom.

McLaren raced up the stairs himself.

"Come out of there," McLaren yelled, "or be gunned out!"

"Come and get us!" one of the men roared. "We know you haven't got any help, and you can't get any, either."

What to do! Those men were right. They might be trapped, with only a window, much too high above the ground, as the only exit, but he was trapped, too. He started to tiptoe closer to the door.

"One more step and we'll blast you!" a raucous voice warned. "The moon casts your shadow, up!"

McLaren's shadow did extend across the floor and down the corridor.

McLaren fired two quick shots and the killers covered in a crouch for the moment.

He tested the banister, found it sturdy enough and slid down it. He walked softly over to where the thing he had shot lay sprawled out.

Repressing a shudder, McLaren boosted the man to his shoulder, made his way up the steps again and propped the dead man against the wall.

With satisfaction, he noted that the dead man cast a lengthening shadow which passed beyond the door of the killers' room.

"O. K.," McLaren called out. "We'll sit this one out, boys! I know you can't risk jumping unless you want to break your backs!"

Then he slid down the banister again and darted outside.

McLaren tested a rope hang-

ing down the side of the building, pulled himself up and set both feet against a wall. Slowly he made his way aloft.

Clinging to the rope just outside the window, he set his jaw hard. He gave himself a hard shove and his body went sailing out into space. He maneuvered himself deftly on the return trip, and his two feet led the way through the window.

Both thugs spun around. One fired and missed. He didn't shoot again, for McLaren's swing knocked him out.

McLaren whirled to face the gunfire of the second crook, but he was gone. Pounding feet indicated that this last of the murder trio had quickly guessed that the shadow was a trick. McLaren yanked his borrowed automatic from his belt, and sent two shots crashing after the fleeing figure.

One took effect, spinning the thug around like a top. It was the phony policeman. The gun fell from fingers gone limp.

Somewhere outside, a police whistle shrilled. Moments later, radio car sirens whined. McLaren was sitting on the stairs, holding a gun on the wounded crook, when five men burst into the house.

One was Captain Tyler. McLaren knew him. Tyler recognized McLaren, too, but what seemed to puzzle him most was the sight of the wounded crook dressed in a patrolman's uniform, clanking at a bloody shoulder.

"He stole the uniform," McLaren said. "He must have, because it's the real thing, all right. Did you find a dead man outside?"

"Yes—Harry Stone, the paymaster of the wrecking company that's tearing down these buildings. There's a crew coming on it down, and he intended to pay them off them," Tyler said. "Now, will you please stop asking questions and tell me what happened?"

"That man there"—McLaren pointed to the crook in uniform—"posed as a patrolman and, from the way I got it, went to

some bank, open night, and protected the paymaster when he drew out the payroll.

"The money's upstairs and you'd better send a couple of men to get it, because I don't think the second crook will be unconscious much longer."

"Another crook?" Tyler gasped. "How many are there?"

"Three, sir; I killed one of them with the paymaster's gun. The other one, I hit on the jaw."

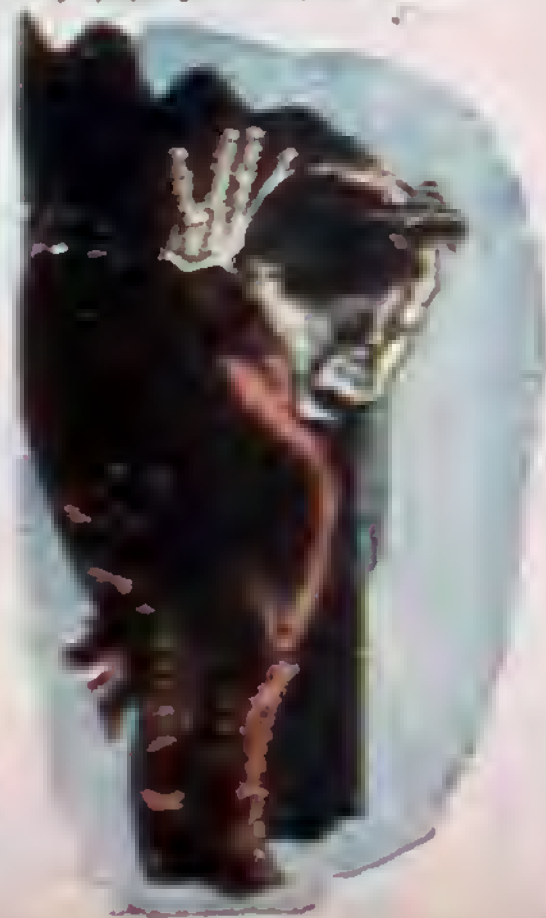
"Now, will you tell me how you got mixed up in this mess? Right from the beginning?"

"Well, sir, I was on my way home on a bus. I saw the paymaster and the phony cop get aboard. When they got off, I followed them and—well, you know the rest of it."

"Yes. Why did you follow the fake patrolman and the paymaster?"

McLaren's face was creased in a happy grin. "That's easy, sir! When the fake patrolman got on the bus, he put a nickel in the cash box. All I could think of was me, as a boy."

"I always wanted to become a cop, so I could ride buses and trolley cars free. Whoever heard of a cop, in uniform anyway, paying his way on a bus?"





D'ARTAGNAN

AND HIS

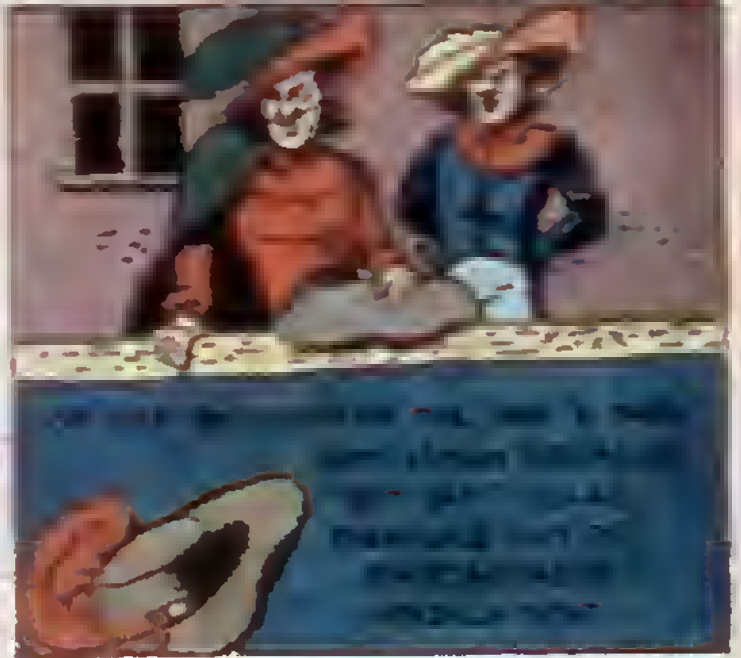
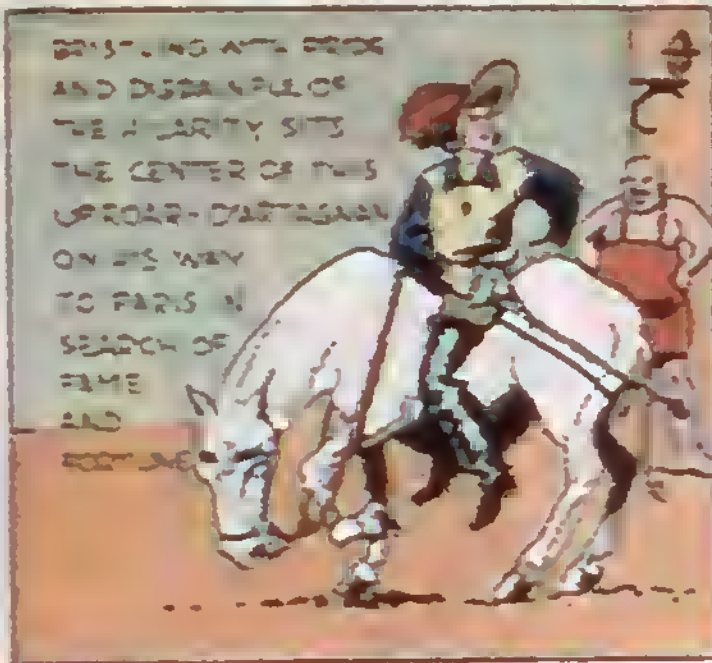
# Three Musketeers

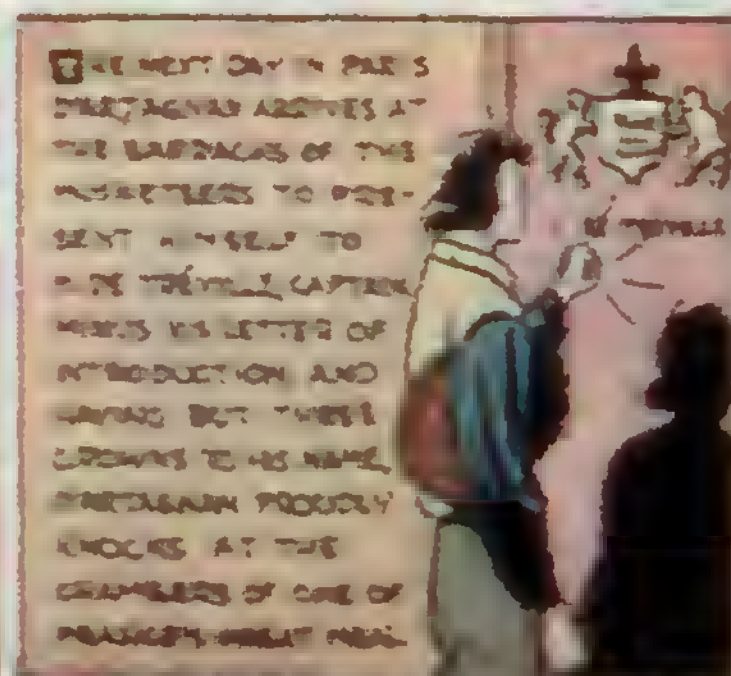
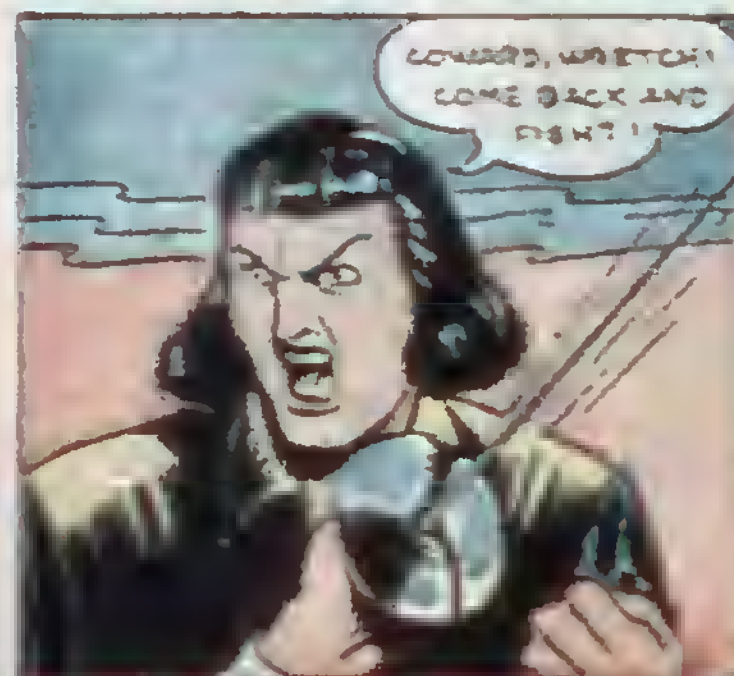
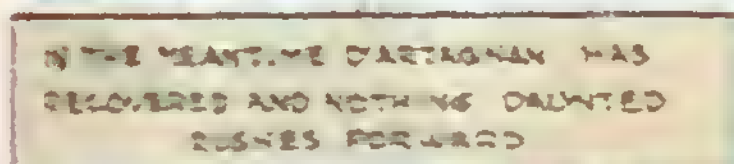
ADAPTED FOR THE SCREEN BY  
ALEXANDER GOULD

ONE MORNING IN APRIL 1625 FINDS THE LITTLE  
TOWN OF MIONS, FRANCE IN A COMPLETE STATE  
OF UPROAR

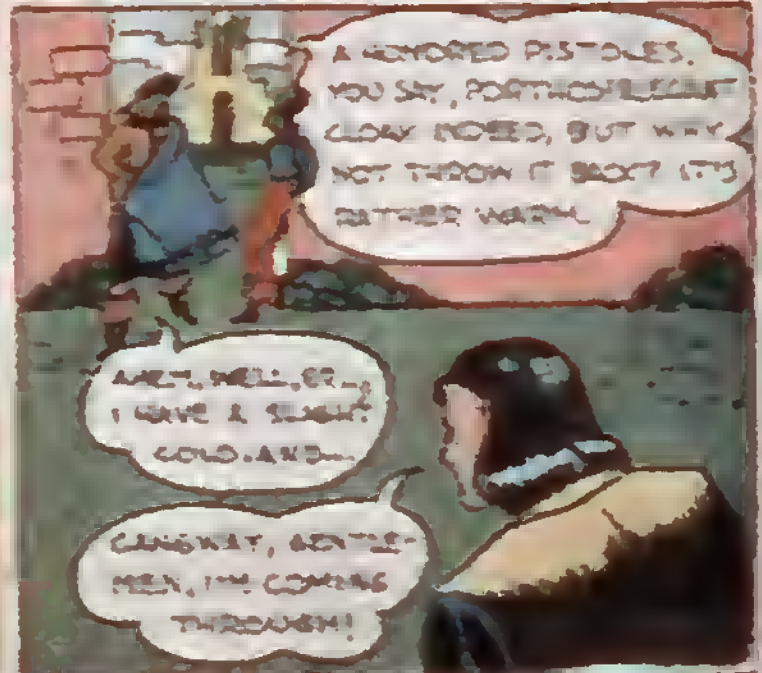
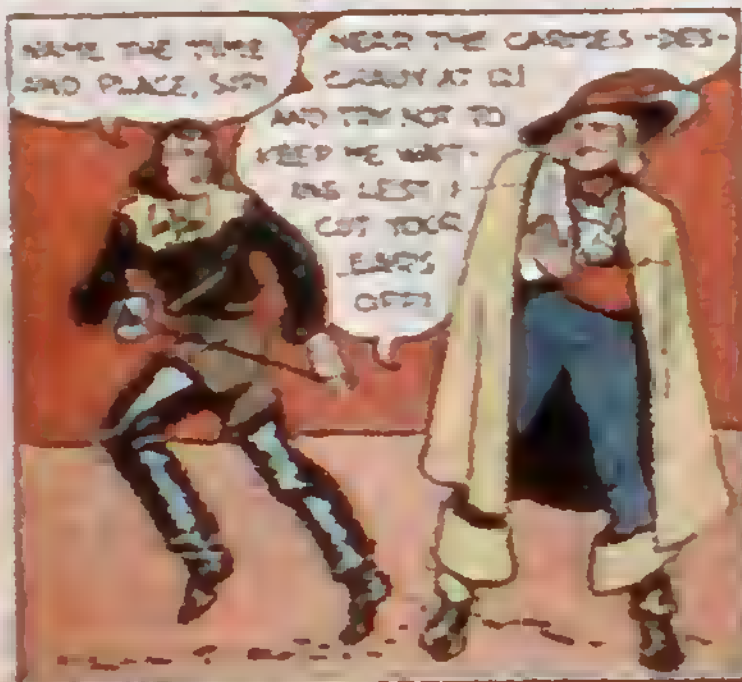
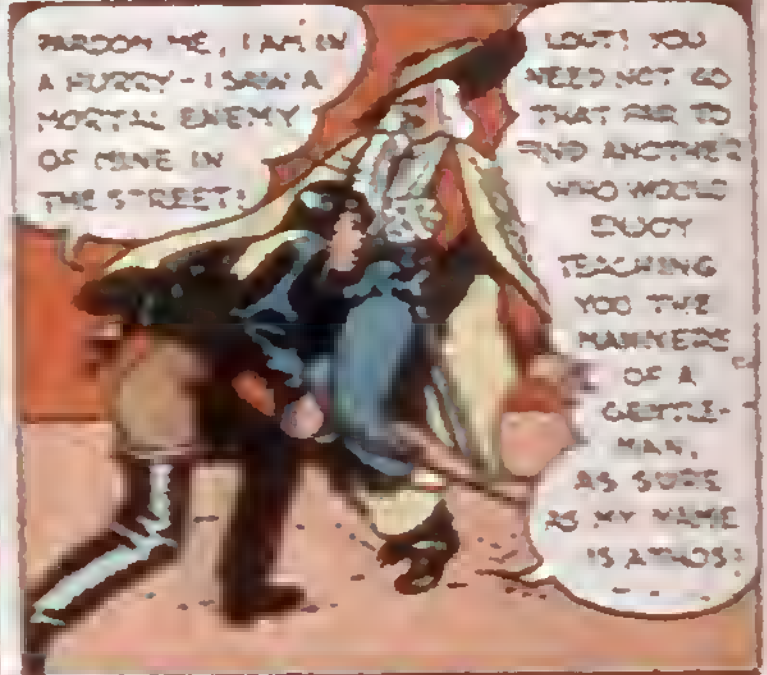
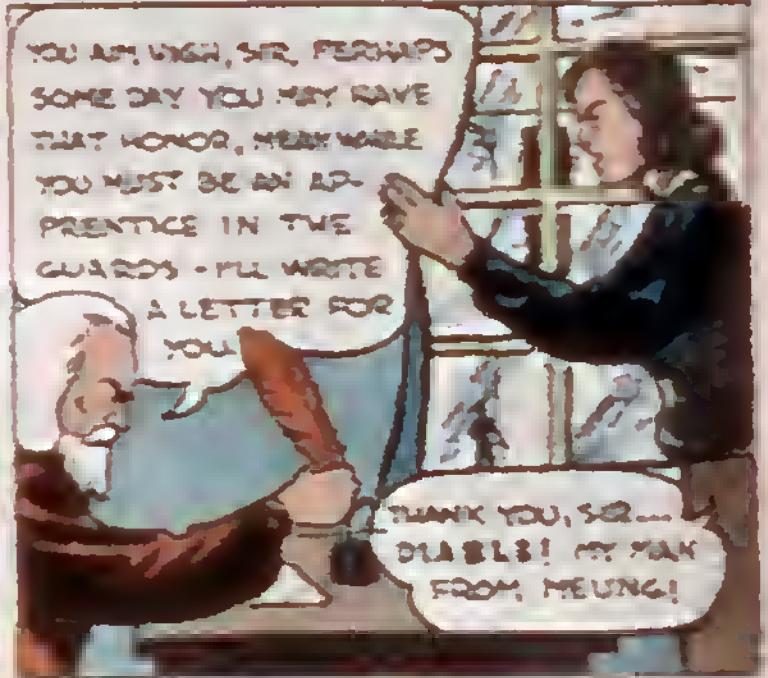


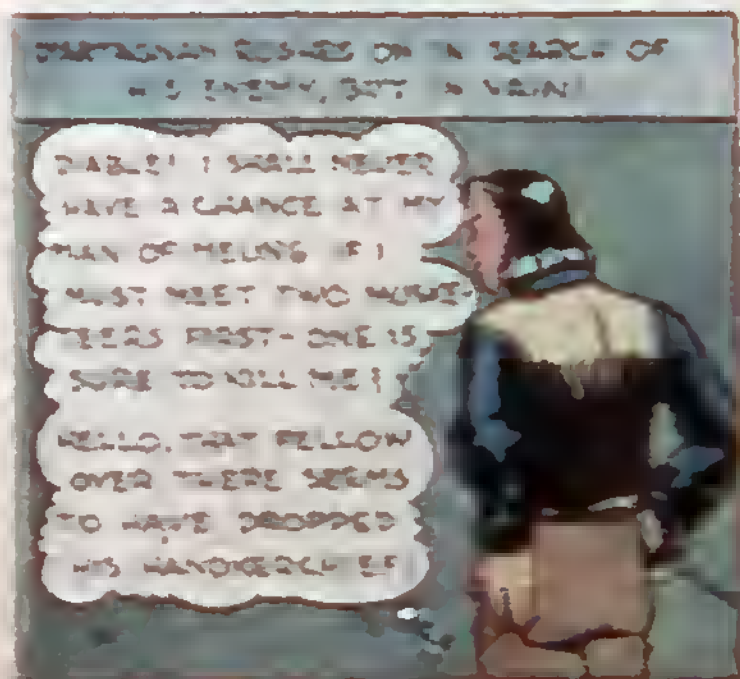




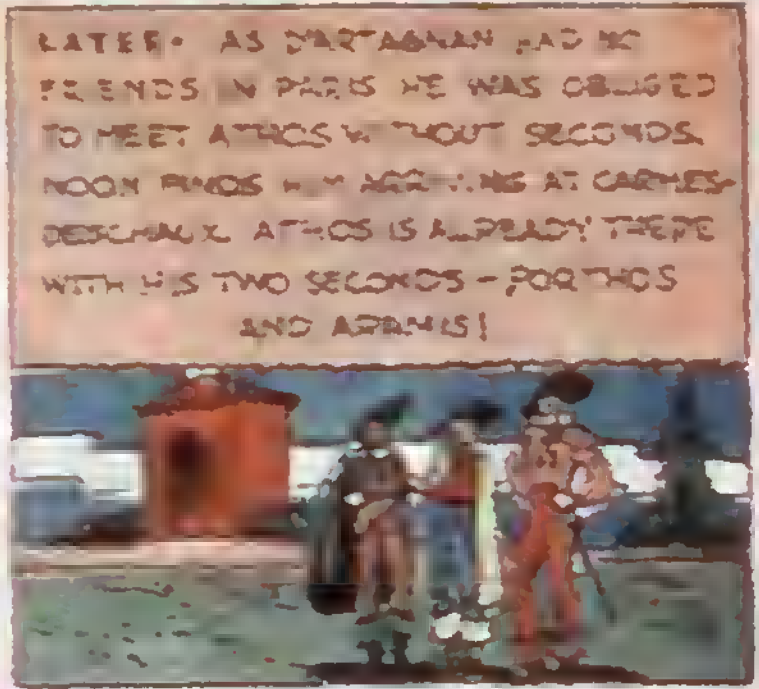






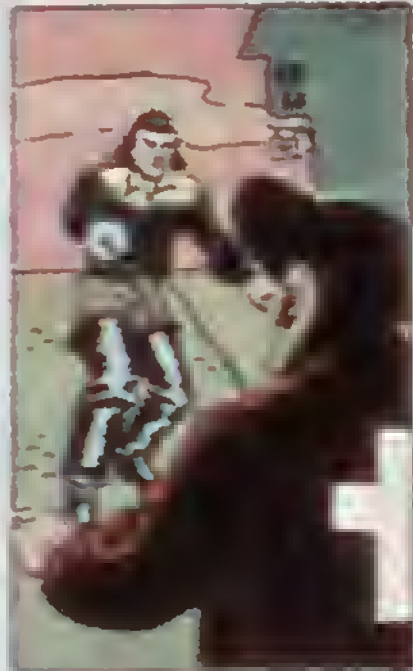








ALL NINE  
MEN DRAW  
SWORDS,  
THEY FUR  
OFF EXCEPT  
ARM'S WHO  
BATTLES  
TWO MEN.  
DARTAGNAN  
FACES THE FIGHT  
WITH ONE OF  
FRANCE'S GREAT  
GLADIES!



ARM'S EXPECTS TO BEAT DOWN THE  
YOUTH WITH A WITHERING ATTACK  
BUT DARTAGNAN IS TOO NIMBLE!



ARM'S IMPATIENT AND ENRAGED,  
MAKES VICIOUS LUNGE AFTER LUNGE!  
FINALLY HE OVERSTEPS HIMSELF...



DARTAGNAN RUSHES TO THE AID OF  
ATHOS WHOSE WOUND IS BLEEDING AGAIN





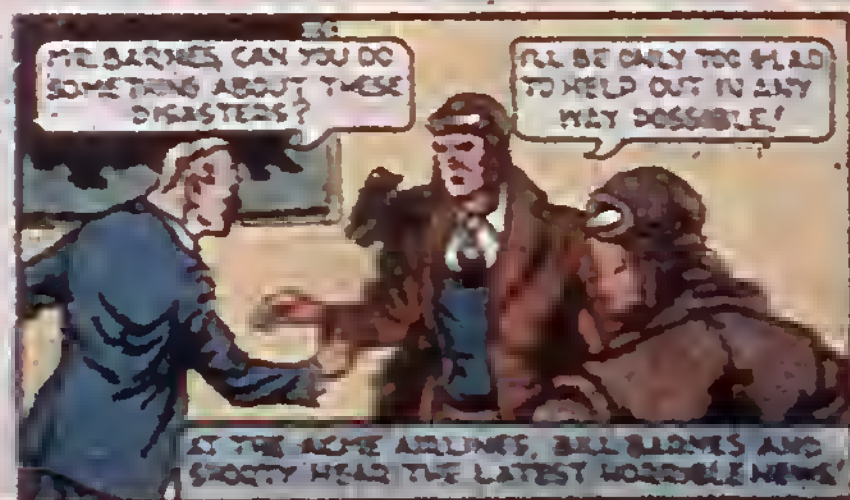
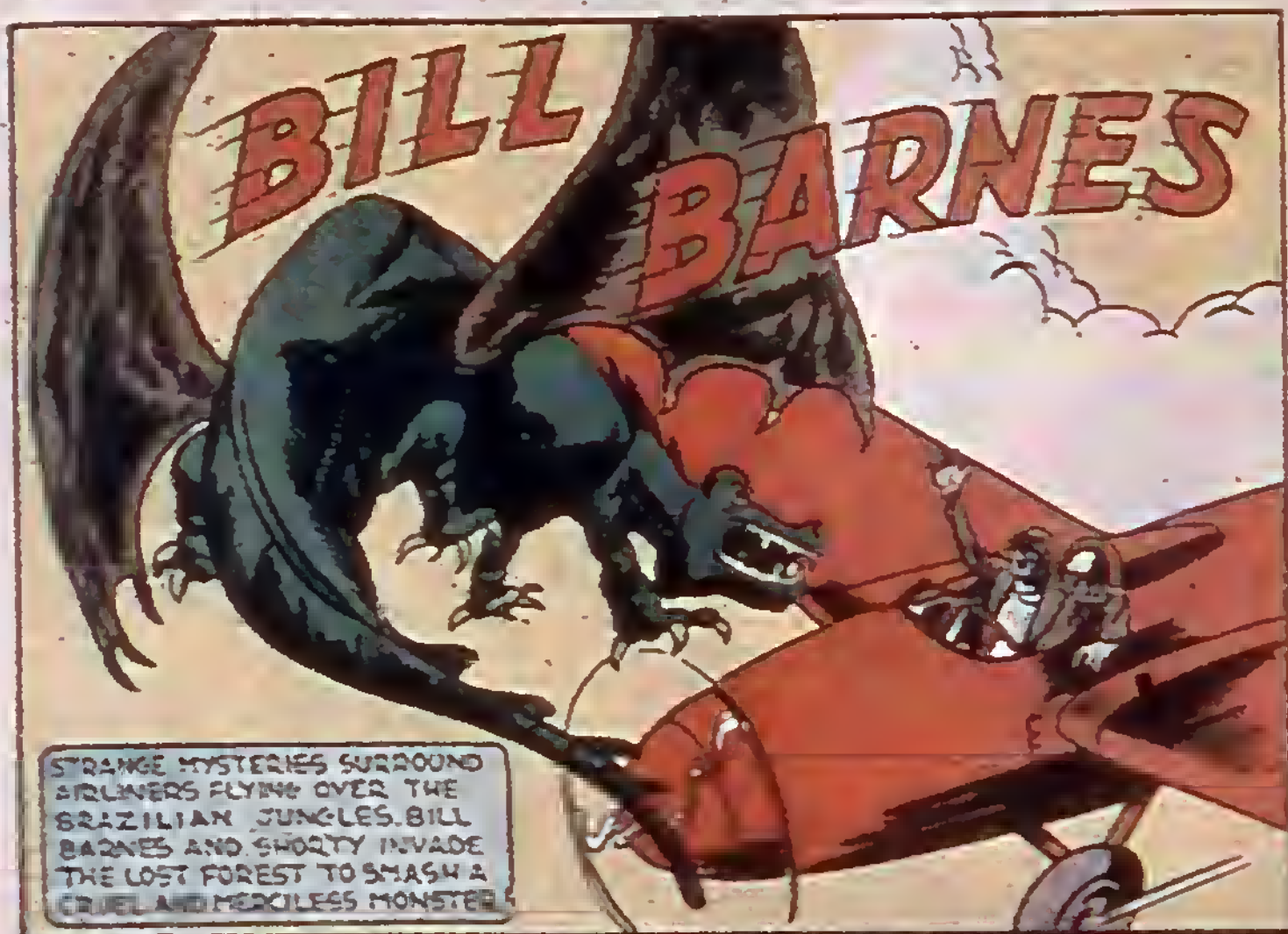


IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
THE THREE ARE READY

• DOES THE VILLAINOUS  
JESSAC GET REVENGE  
ON DARTAGNAN?

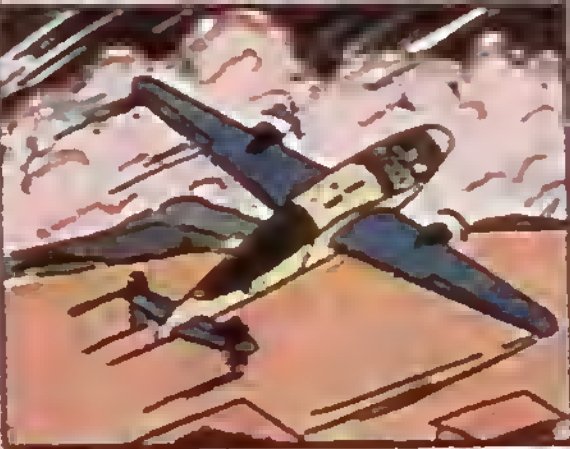
• DOES THE BLATANT  
AND MYSTERIOUS  
WELSH LEAD THE  
MUSKETEERS TO DEATH?

SEE NEXT PAGES FROM  
*Three Musketeers*





EARLY THE NEXT DAY, THEY TAKE OFF FROM BARNES'S FIELD.



WHAT'S YOUR GUESS ON ALL THIS MYSTERY?

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

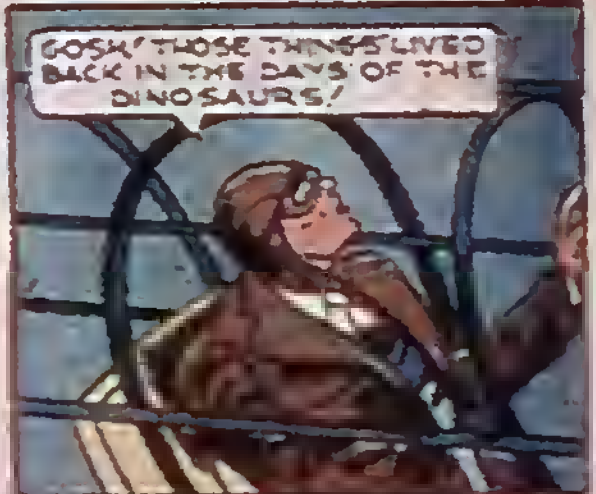


GREAT GUNS! THERE'S A FLYING LIZARD!



OVER THE MASSIVE JUNGLES THEY SIGHT A MONSTROUS PTEROACTYL...A CREATURE FROM THE WORLD OF THE PAST!

GOSH! THOSE THINGS LIVED BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE DINOSAURS!



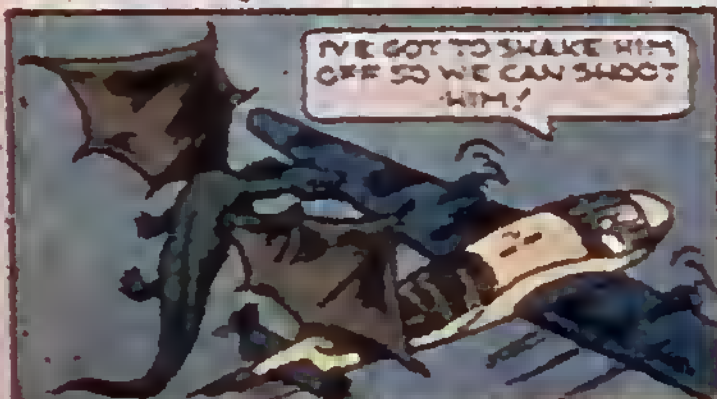
LOOK OUT, IT'S ATTACKING US!

WHAT TH--?



IN A FLASH THE WINGED MONSTER BULLS ITSELF AGAINST THE PLANE.

I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM OFF SO WE CAN SHOOT HIM!



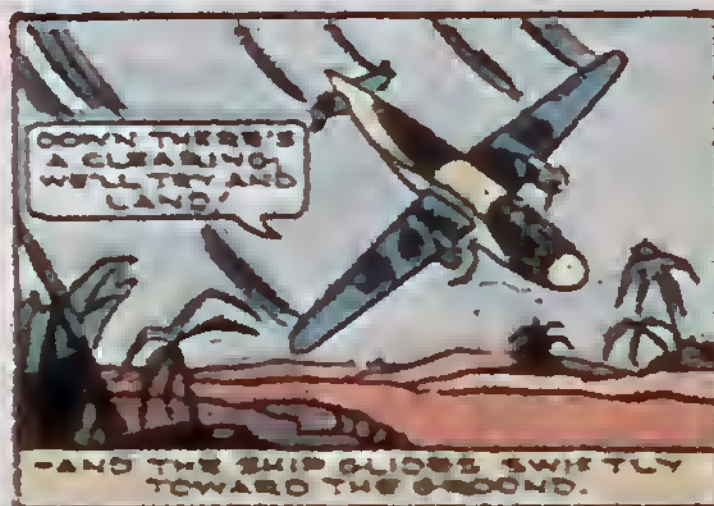
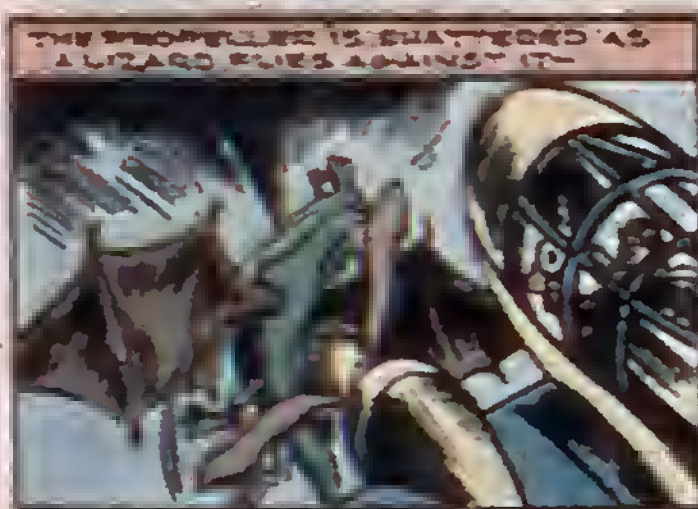
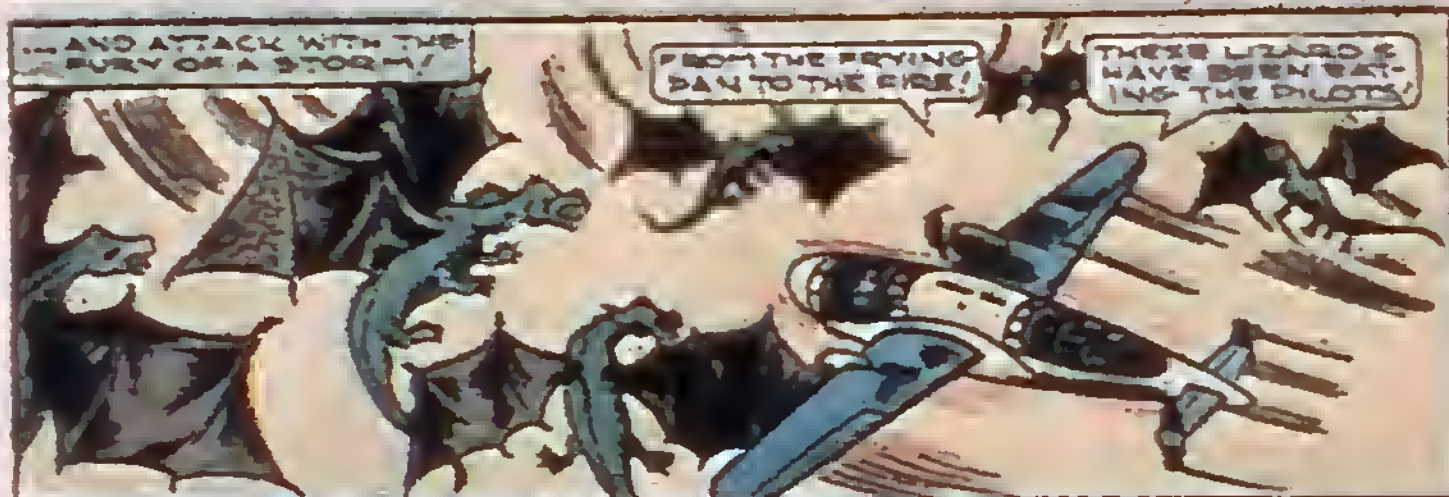
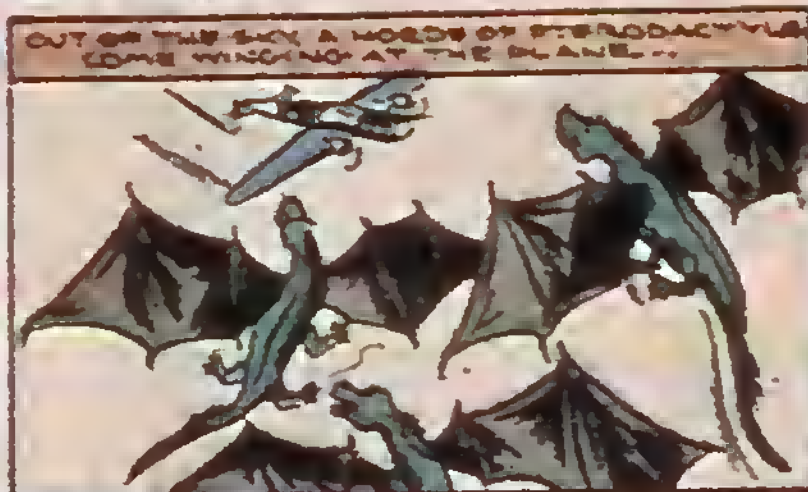
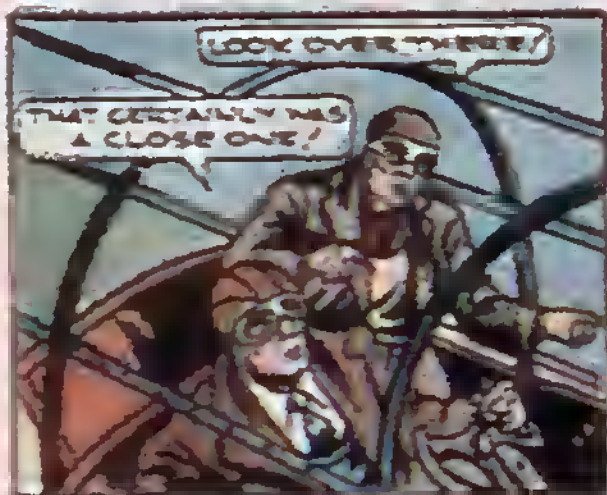
THE MONSTROUS CREATURE HANGS TO THE PLANE AS BILL TURNS A FLIP!

LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES GOOD OLD AMERICAN BULLETS!



COMING OUT OF THE FLOOR BILL ZOOMS UPWARD AND SHATTERS THE GIANT LIZARD WITH BULLETS!







SOMEBODY HAS CONTROL OVER THOSE FLYING LIZARDS, AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM.

I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE!

AFTER CHANGING PROPELLERS, THEY PREPARE FOR A SEARCH.

...WHEN A STRANGE FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE JUNGLE.

I, SOLE, CONTROL THEM! I AM THE ONLY ONE THAT IS GOING TO DESTROY YOU!

AS THE WHITE MEN SPRING AT THE OLD MAN, WARRIORS RUSH TO HIS AID.

WHY YOU?!

BILL AND SHORTY GO INTO ACTION....

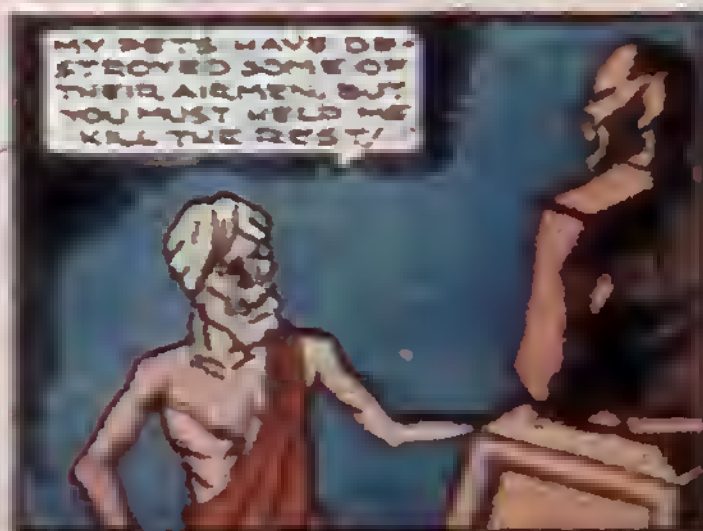
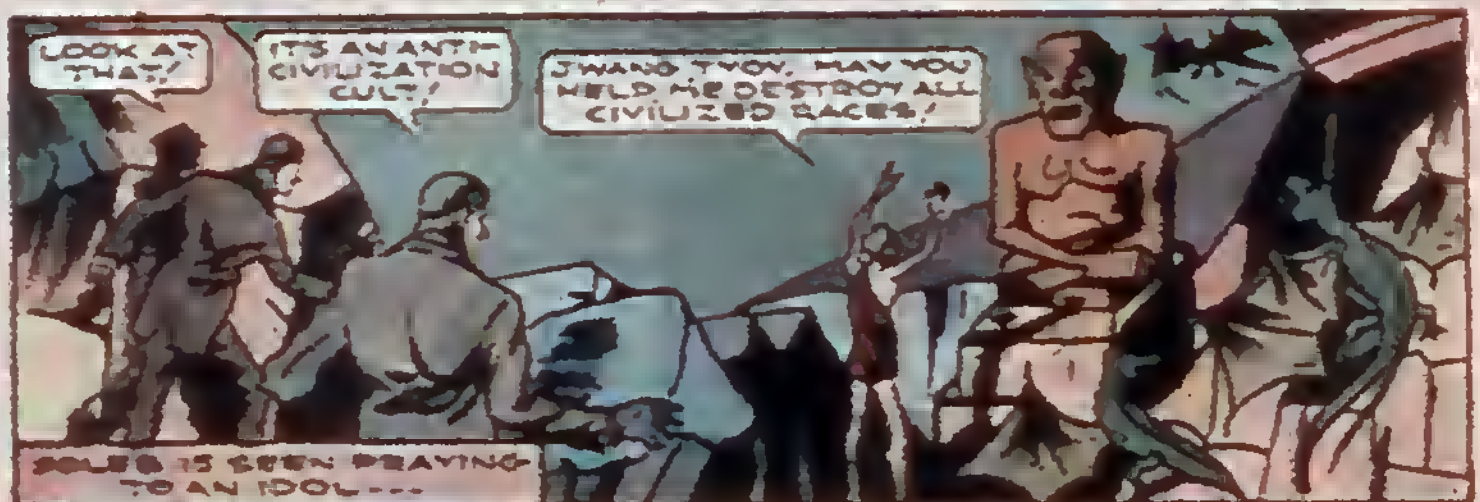
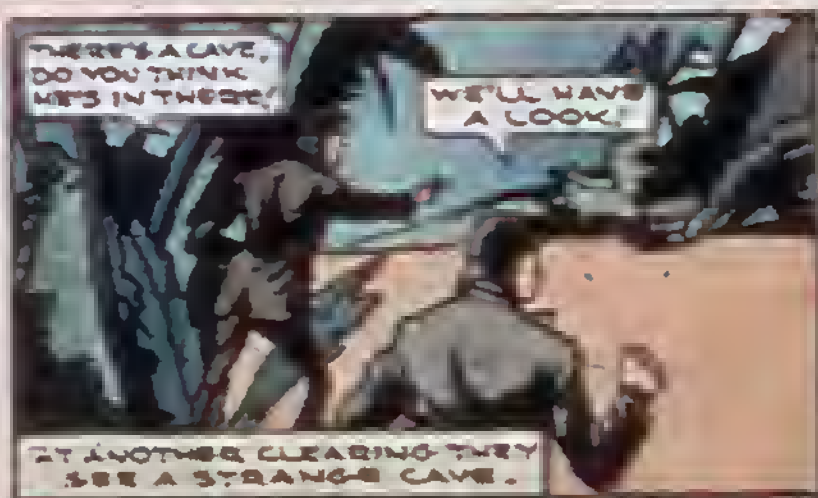
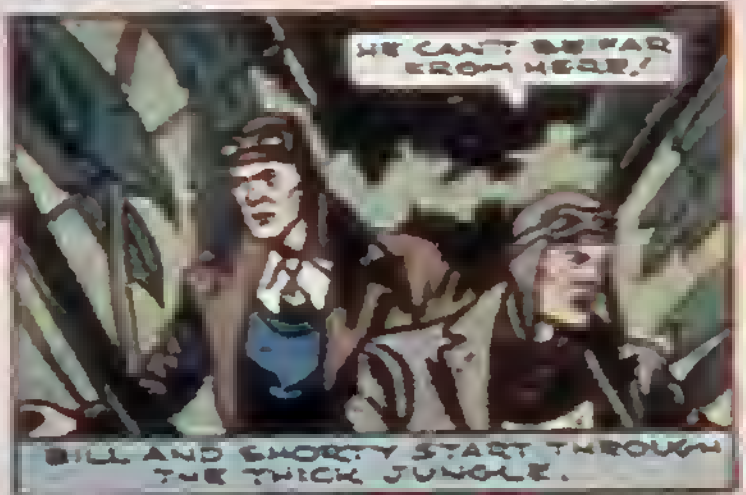
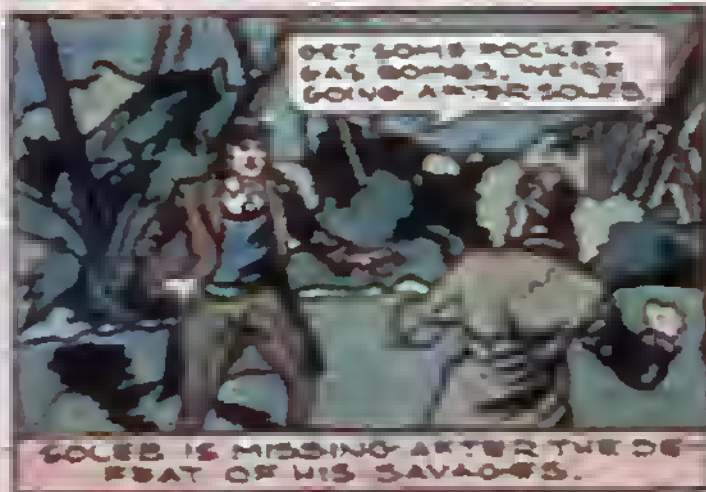
...CURRING THE SAVAGES RIGHT AND LEFT.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU BIRD SARE, BUT HERE'S MY CALLING CARD!

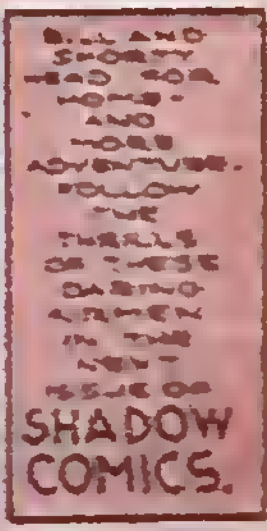
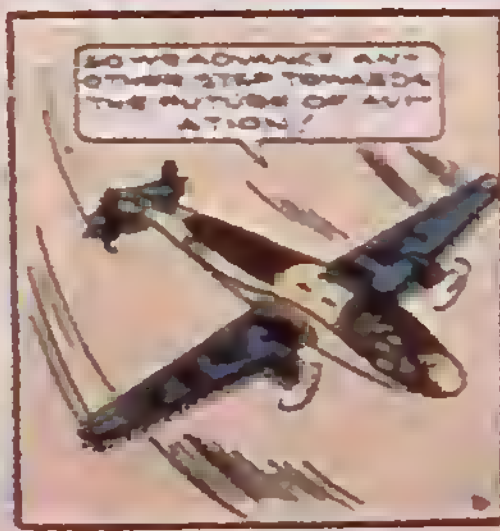
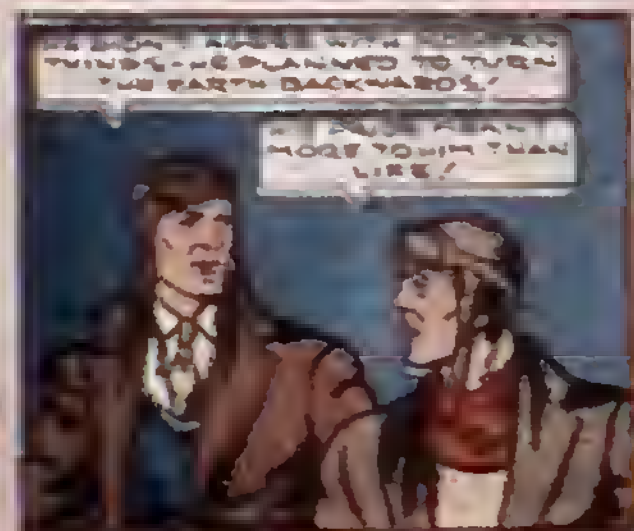
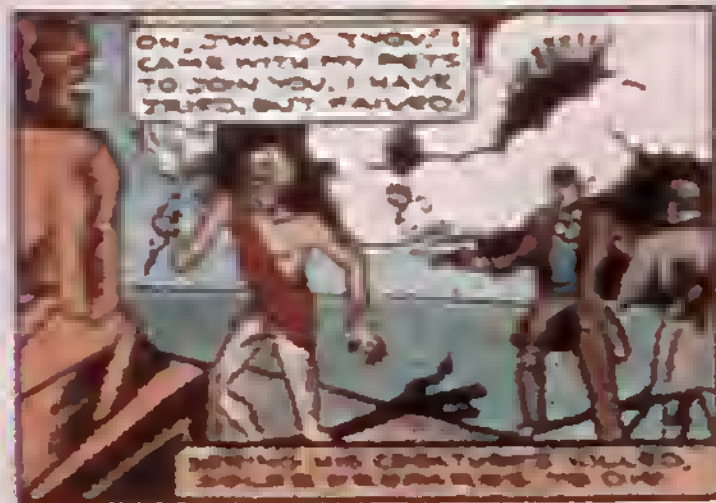
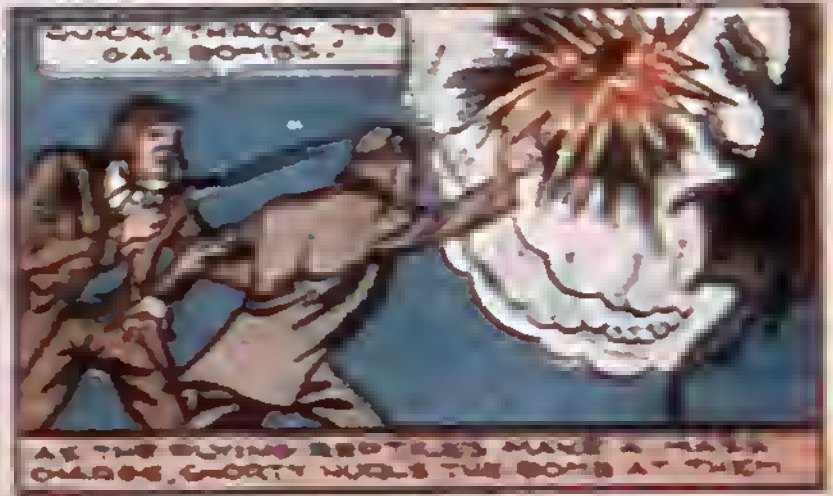
YOU'LL BE CAREFUL THE NEXT TIME YOU PICK A FIGHT!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE OF THEM - BUT WHERE'S SOLE?

THE SAVAGES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ENRAGED AVIATORS.







# Frank MERRIWELL'S VACATION

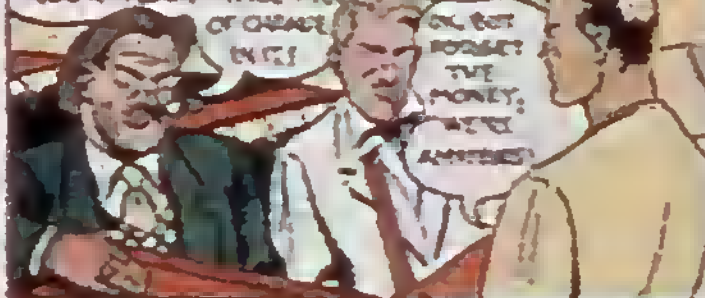
DURING SPRING HOLIDAYS FRANK & HIS FRIENDS ARE VACATIONING AND PRACTISING BASE-BALL AT JACK DIAMOND'S PLANTATION IN GEORGIA.

BE CAREFUL OF THIS ONE, BART! IT'S A NEW DOUBLE SHOOT SPINNER AND IT'S GOING TO CURVE AT LEAST TWO FEET!

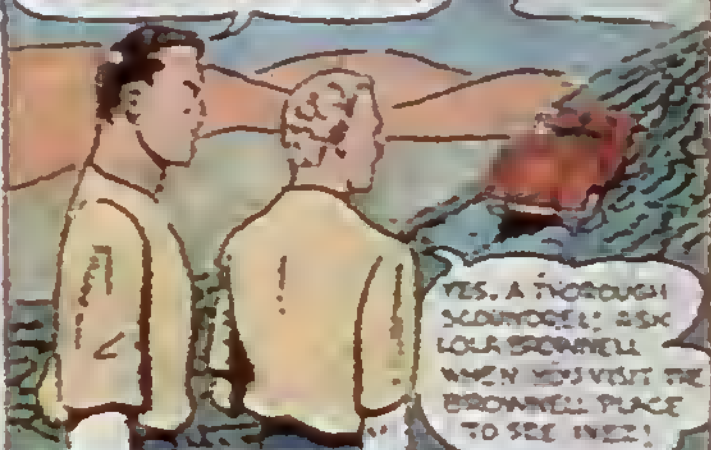


A HIGH-POWERED CAR PULLS UP

SAY, MERRIWELL, AM I BLACKIE MELROSE. THIS HERE'S MAH BROTHER JOE. HE'S CAPTAIN OF THE SOUTHERN CHAMPS, THE CHAMPS WERE TO PLAY A BIG GAME TOMORROW BUT THE OTHER TEAM CAN'T MAKE IT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR TEAM? NICE PIECE OF ORANGE JUICE!



SO THAT'S THE GREAT BLACKIE MELROSE!



YES, A THOROUGH SCOUTMODEL! ASK LOUIE BROWNELL WHEN YOU VISIT THE BROWNELL PLACE TO SEE THEM!

THAT NIGHT FRANK VISITS MEEZ AT THE SUNDOWN BROWNELL PLACE - ASKING MEEZ RESIDE LOUIE, HER BROTHER DICK AND HER GUEST, MEEZ.



LOUIE, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BLACKIE MELROSE? WE PLAY HIS CHAMPS TO-MORROW!

WE'S A MUGGETY! HE KILLED MAH FATHER! THEY SAID IT WAS SUICIDE, BUT YESTERDAY AN FOOD'S EVIDENCE THAT...

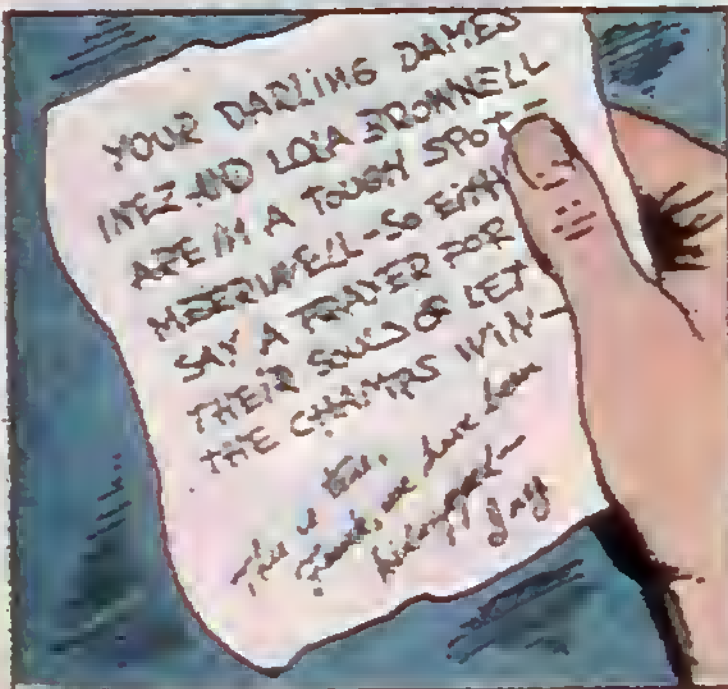
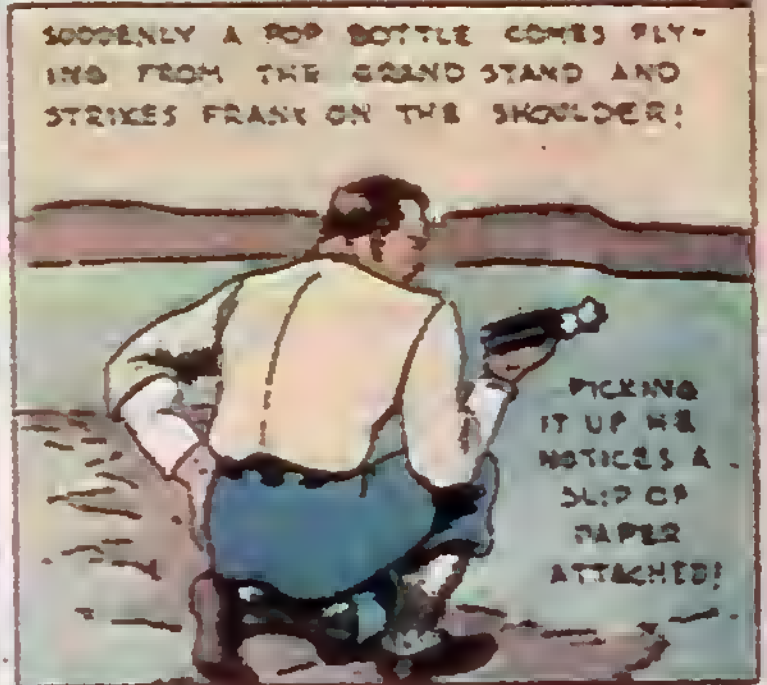
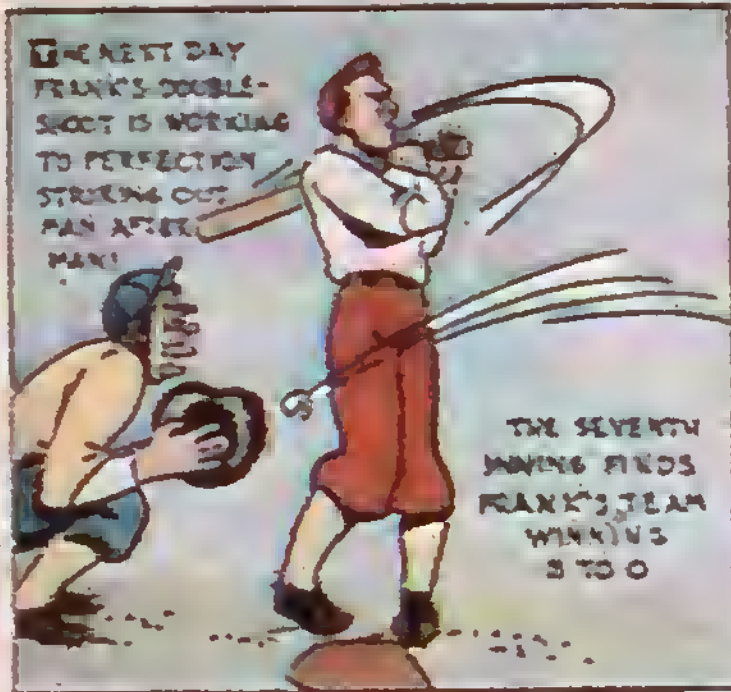
SHOT UP, SIS! FRANK, AN SURE HOPE YOU ALL WIN TOMORROW, AN BET THE WHOLE PLANTATION AGAINST BLACKIE'S \$1000 THAT YOUR TEAM WILL WIN THE GAME OF COURSE!

THE OLD PLANTATION'S WORTHLESS ANYWAY - IT'S ALL COVERED WITH SOFT SOUTHERN PINE.



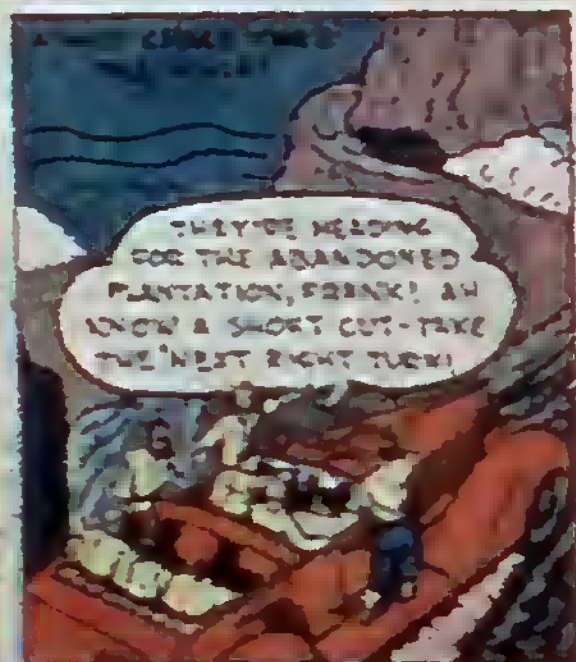
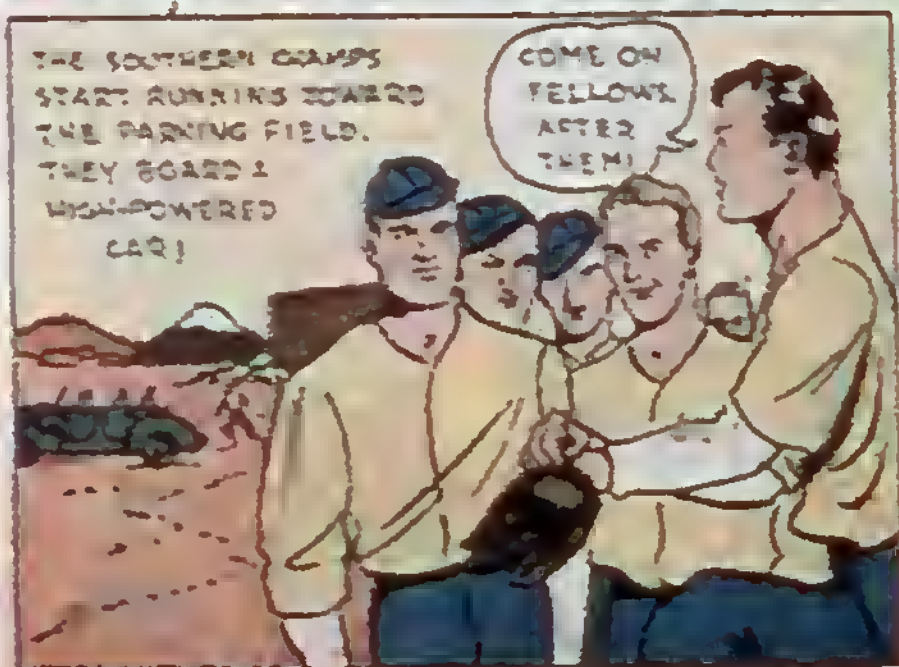
SOUTHERN PINE, BUT VERY INTERESTING, VERY!





THE GAME GOES ON. IN THE EIGHTH INNING THE SOUTHERN CHAMPS GET 2 RUNS MAKING THE SCORE 3 TO 2. IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH THE CHAMPS HAVE 3 MEN ON BASE & NO OUTS! IS FRANK THROWING THE GAME?







THEY ARRIVE JUST IN TIME TO HEAD THE GANGSTERS OFF!



AS FRANK RACES TOWARD THE HOUSE  
A SHOT RINGS OUT! A BULLET SKIMS  
HIS CHEEK!



A CRACKED MIRROR  
ON THE WALL INSIDE  
THE MANSION SHOWS  
AN INTERESTING SCENE



THE DOUBLE-SHOOT WORKS WITH DEADLY AC-  
CURACY! FRANK DASHES INTO THE HOUSE.



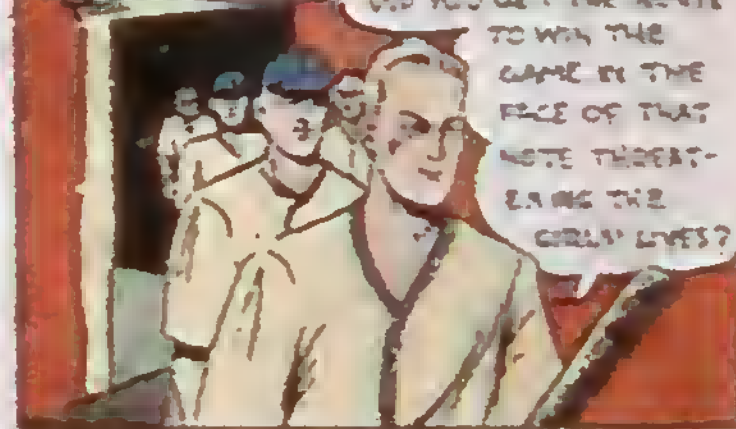
JUST AS HE STARTS TO UNTIE INEZ'S GAG  
THE STUNNED BLACKIE RECOVERS!



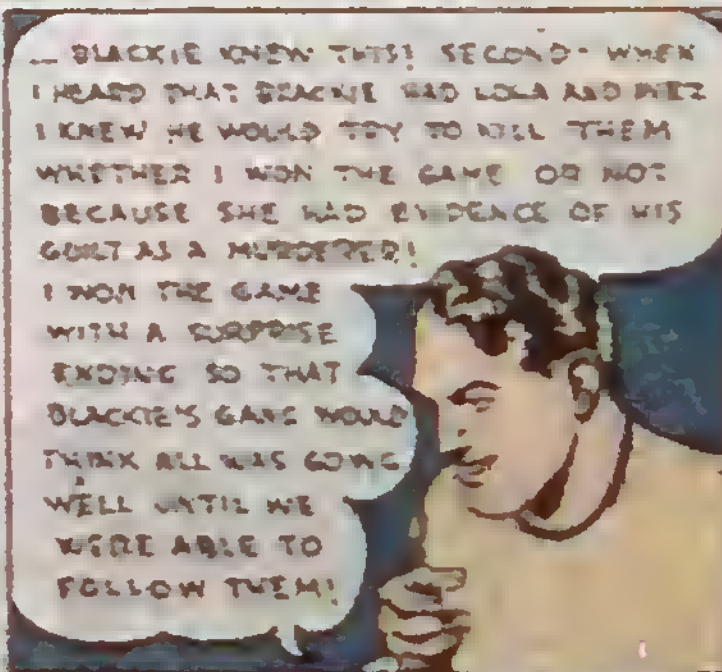


JACK DIAMOND AND THE REST OF THE TEAM CAME IN BRUISED BUT TRIUMPHANT AS FRANK RELEASES THE GIRLS

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT FRANK? BUT THIS WAS FUN, BUT TELL ME FRANK WHERE DID YOU GET THE ACUTE TO WIN THE GAME IN THE FACE OF THAT NOTE THREATENING THE GIRLS' LIVES?



FOR TWO REASONS, JACK! IN THE FIRST PLACE THE BROWNELL-PLANTATION WAS AT STAKE AND FAR FROM BEING WORTHLESS IT IS VERY VALUABLE! THERE'S A NEW PROCESS THAT MAKES PAPER OUT OF SOUTHERN PINE, AND..



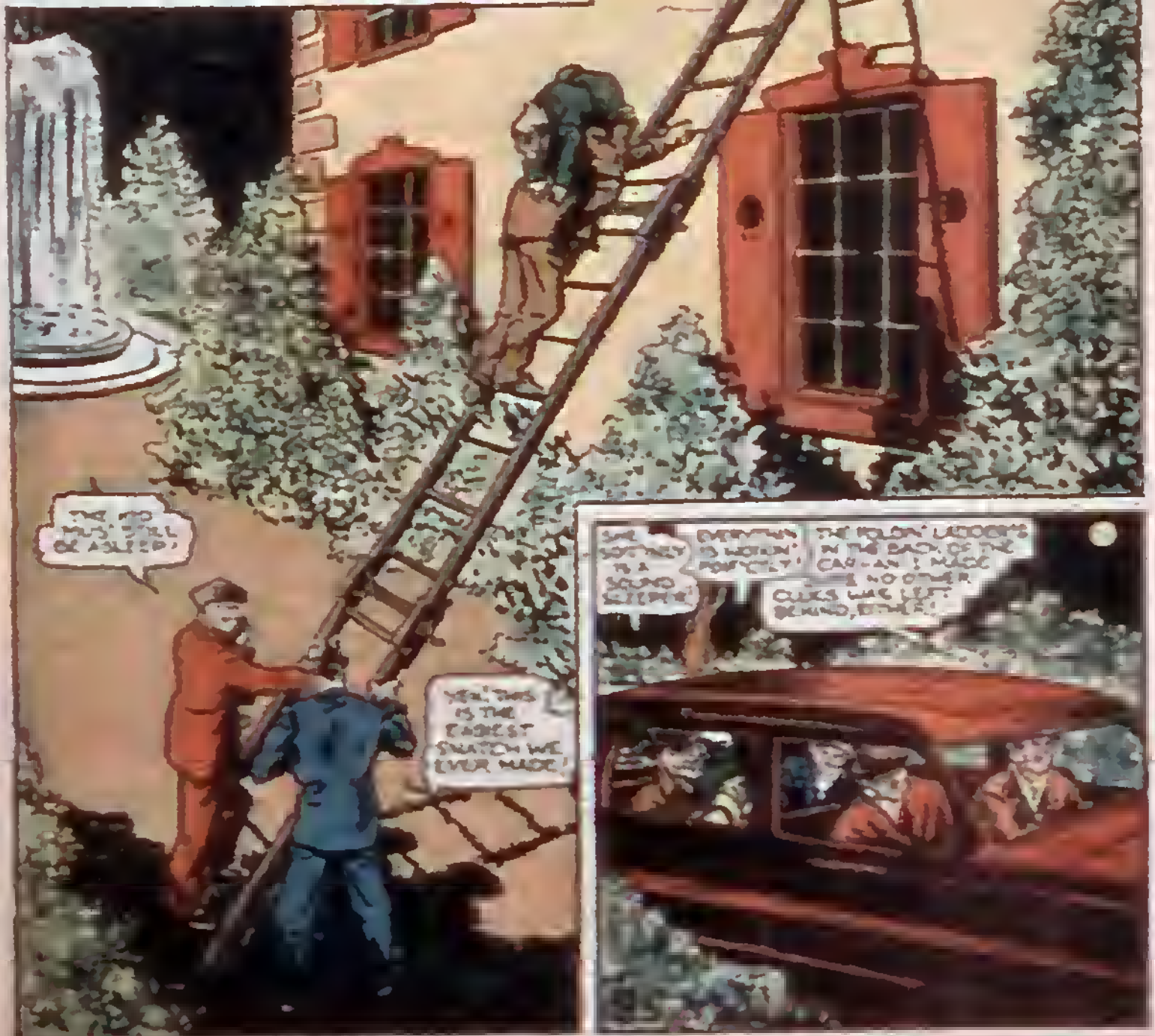
— BLACKIE KNEW THIS! SECOND— WHEN I HEARD THAT BLACKIE HAD LOLA AND MIZ I KNEW HE WOULD TRY TO KILL THEM WHETHER I WON THE GAME OR NOT BECAUSE SHE HAD EVIDENCE OF HIS GUILT AS A MURDERER! I WON THE GAME WITH A SURPRISE ENDING SO THAT BLACKIE'S GANG WOULD THINK ALL WAS GOING WELL UNTIL WE WERE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM!



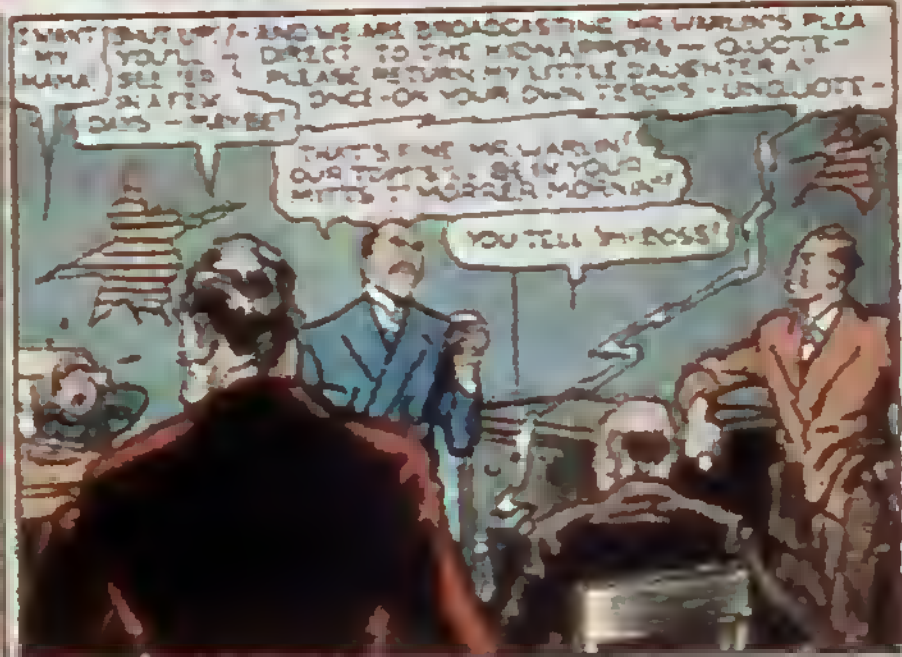
# NICK CARTER

SUPER SLEUTH

MIDNIGHT-



**EXTRA! EXTRA!  
ELAINE WARLIN  
KIDNAPPED! EXTRA!**



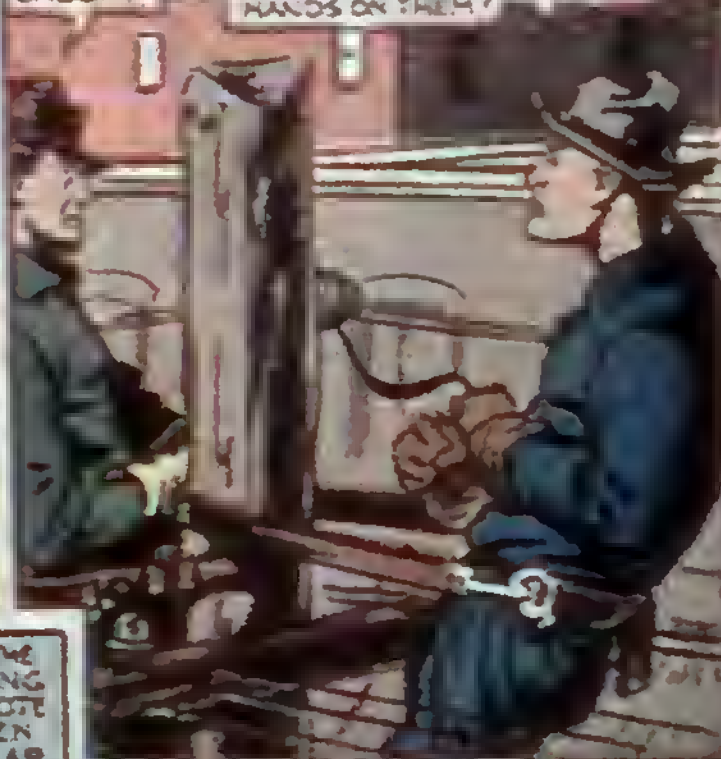
**11 A.M. - THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION -**

- AND THE POOR PARENTS! YES, MRS. BROWN! - AND THE POLICE - THEY ARE ENTIRELY WITHOUT ANY CLUES TO WORK ON -



- AND WITH ELECTIONS COMING UP - THE KIDNAPPING WON'T HELP THE D.A. - UNLESS THE RATS ARE CAUGHT!

HOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THEM!



I SEE WHERE THE PAPERS! WHAT CAN THEY DO? NO LEADS -



**7 A.M. - THE FOLLOWING DAY - A NOTE HAS BEEN FOUND NEAR THE DRIVE - WAY ON THE WARLIN ESTATE BY THE GARDENER AND IS NOW IN THE EAGER HANDS OF MR. WARLIN WHO NERVOUSLY READS -**

**IF YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK - WRAP UP 250 GRAND IN SMALL BILLS AND HAND THE PACKAGE OVER THE NORTH-WEST CORNER WALL OF ROCKLAWN CEMETERY AT 4 A.M. TOMORROW - KEEP THIS FROM THE COPS IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO LIVE**





8 A.M.

-AND THE POLICE - AS YET - HAV' FOUND NO CLUES TO THE KIDNAPPING - THEY - BUT - WAIT - HERE'S A SPECIAL BULLETIN THAT JUST CAME IN! - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS ASSIGNED NICK CARTER, WORLD-FAMOUS DETECTIVE TO THE CASE! HE -



11 A.M. - IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE

-AND I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THE PUBLICITY GIVEN TO YOUR ASSIGNMENT TO THIS CASE, NICK, AND I DON'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME - KNOW HOW THE NEWS LEAKED OUT OF THIS OFFICE!

WELL - IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW, D.A. BUT DON'T WORRY - I'LL GET BY.



WELL! WELL! SO SOON? THAT'S FINE!

I'M EXPECTING COMPANY TONIGHT - SO LEAVE SEVERAL EXTRA PILLOWS IN MY ROOM - AND TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!

YES, SIR! THANK YOU, MR. CARTER.

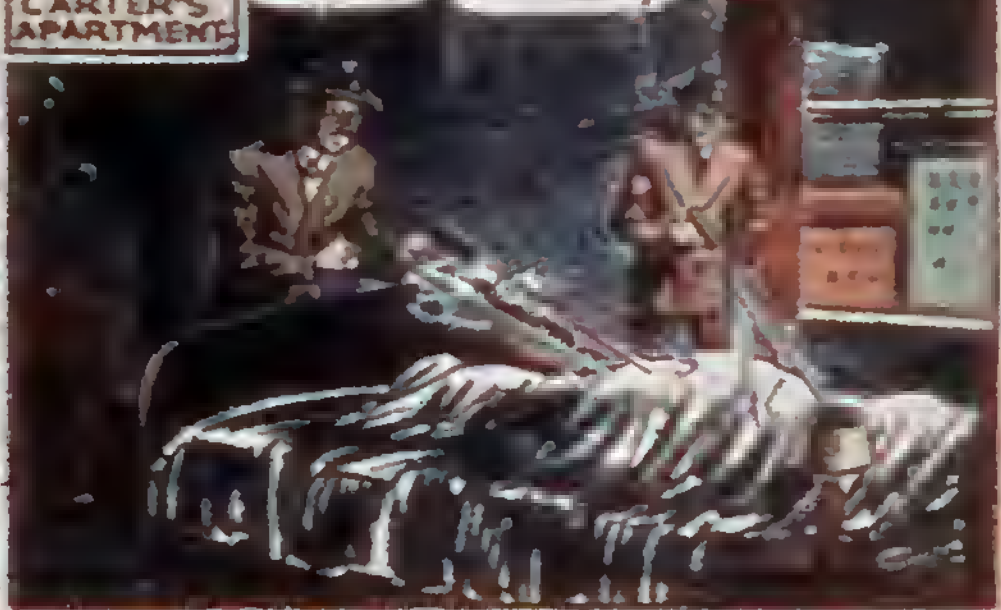


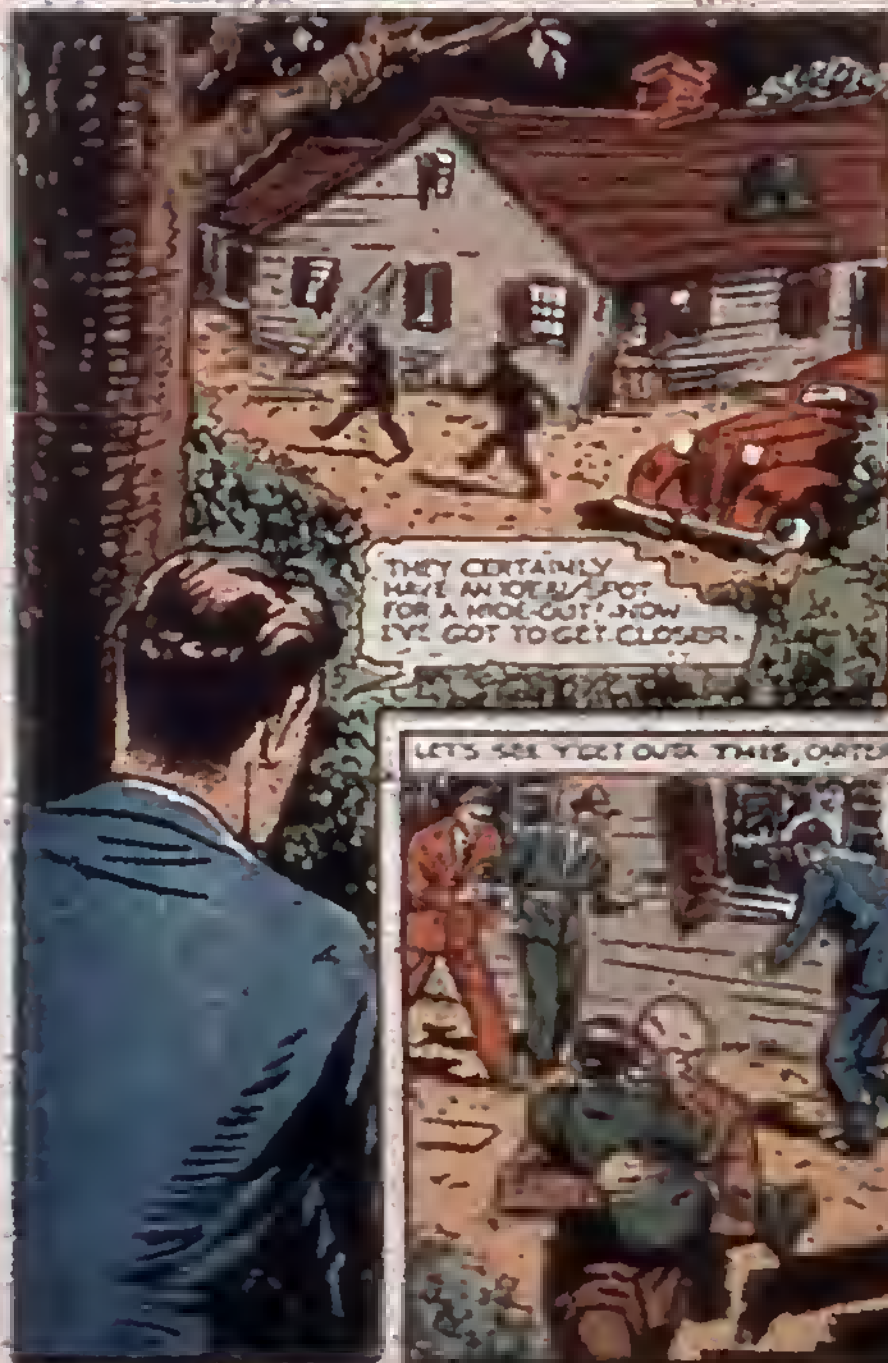
OHAY! THAT'S WHERE HE LEFT! WE'LL BE BACK LATE TONIGHT!

LATE THAT NIGHT IN CARTER'S APARTMENT

NOW LET'S SEE Y'GET US, CARTER!

WE SORTLY HAD NO TROUBLE IN GETTIN' RID OF HIM!







I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY LABORATORY FOR THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE! IT'S MY ONLY ALTERNATIVE FOR QUICK ACTION!



THANKS! AND THIS TEN DOLLAR BILL WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOU TOO-IF YOU CAN GET TO THE CITY IN A HURRY!



MAN! AM IUS CRAVES THAT KIND OF COMPANY! HERE! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL, MAN! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL!

ONE HOUR LATER- IN HIS LABORATORY-

AM- HERE'S THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE - AND PLENTY OF IT- TOO!



AT THE WARLIN ESTATE

MR. WARLIN, MEET NICK CARTER- THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE WORKING WITH US

OH HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY LITTLE ELAINE, MR. CARTER? MY POOR-

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MR. WARLIN. NOW I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH YOU- THE RANSOM MONEY AND SOME GLOVES!



- MY BABY! MY POOR BABY-

I'M QUITE SURE THIS AMYLTHIOCYANATE WILL ENABLE US TO CAPTURE THE KIDNAPPERS AND RETURN YOUR CHILD VERY SOON, MR. WARLIN. IF YOU'LL CO-OPERATE. NOW IF YOU WILL PLEASE PLACE THAT MONEY HERE- THEN PUT ON YOUR GLOVES.



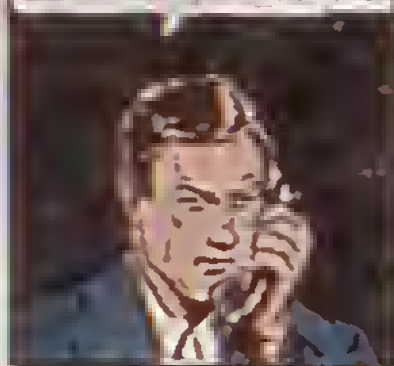
- NOW AS I FINISH WITH EACH PACK OF BILLS, MR. WARLIN, YOU WRAP THEM UP INTO ONE LARGE PACKAGE! THE KIDNAPPERS MUST HANDLE THIS MONEY - SO KEEP YOUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM TONIGHT - ALONE! WE MUST HAVE NO INTERFERENCE!

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET MY CHILD BACK, MR. CARTER!



THE RANSOM MONEY IS ALL PREPARED WITH ANY DISCREPANCY AND WE'LL HAVE TO DELIVER IT TO THE KIDNAPERS IN ORDER TO PHONE THE POLICE.

HANG UP! LISTEN - PLACE TWO MEN AT EVERY GAS STATION IN THIS VICINITY. WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE ROAD WITH SOME OF THE KIDNAPERS' THINGS. WILL NEED ATTENTION - NOW HERE'S FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.



HERE IS THE RANSOM MONEY - ALL OF IT AS ORDERED - NOW WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?



YOU'LL GET HER BACK - AFTER WE CHECK THE DOUGH!

IT'S ALL HERE, MUGS! TWO HUNDRED FIFTY GRAND! WE —



BUTCHER RODE AWAY. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE FLATS!

TWO FLATS! WE ONLY GOT ONE SPARE!



PECK'S SERVICE STATION

SUM-PIN'S SCREWY WITH THEM TURTLES! TWO FLATS AT ONCE!

YES, SIR.

WE MUST GET RID OF — THE FINGERS! WE'VE TAKEN HIS NAME!

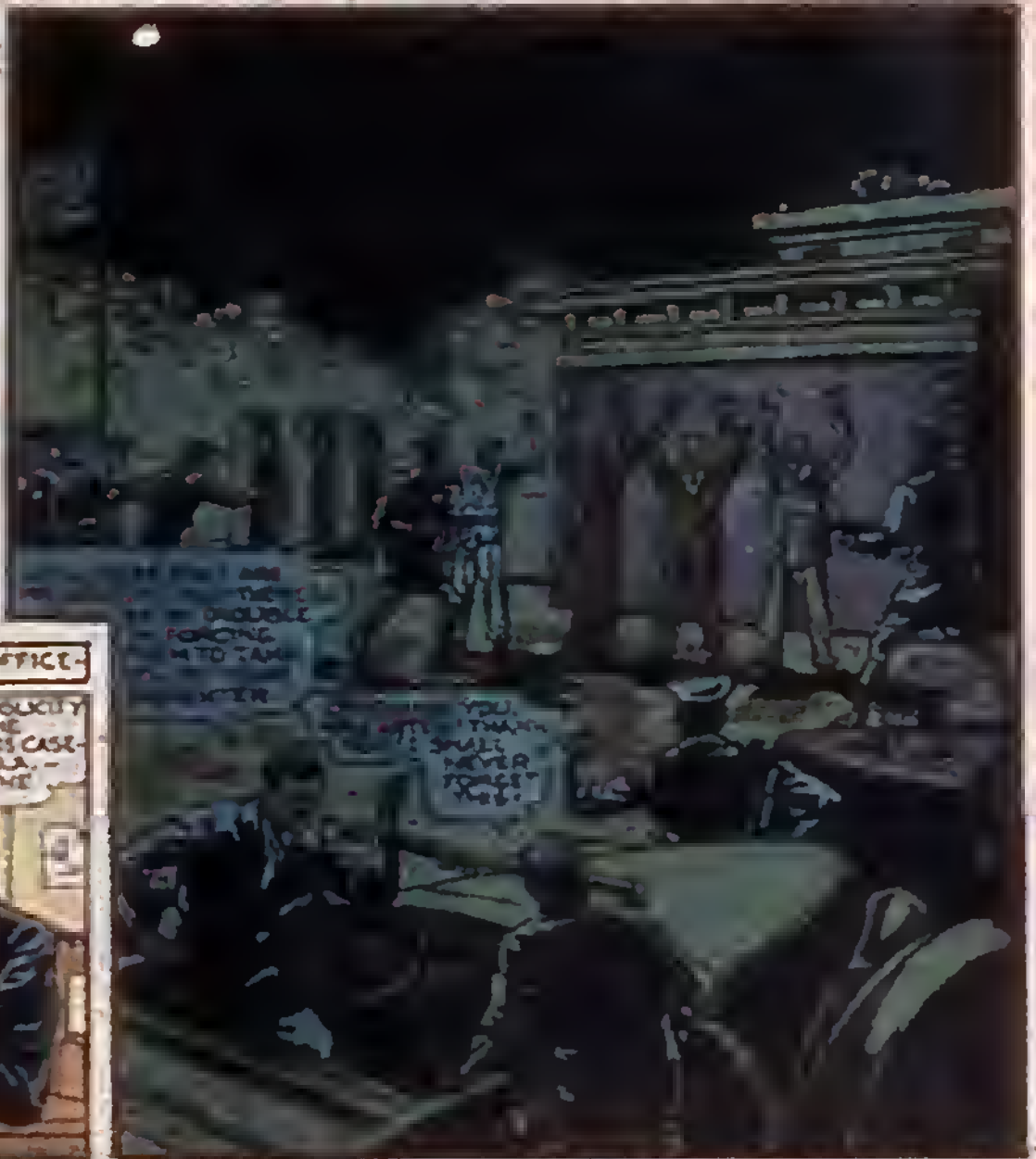
YEA! THAT'S OUR SIGNAL! COME ON! LET'S GET THEM!





THIS IS RYAN, COMMISSIONER! WE'VE GOT THEM LINED UP HERE AT PECK'S STATION - WITHOUT A FIGHT! WE WERE TOO QUICK FOR THEM - TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE - WE -

THAT'S FINE, RYAN! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



LATER - BACK IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE -

NICK, NOW I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIND THE LEAK IN THIS OFFICE! IF YOU MEAN WE PUBLICLY ABOUT ME AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CASE - THAT'S EASY - D.A. - BECAUSE - I'M THE LEAK -



YOU...! WE YOU KNOW WE HAD NO CLUES - SO I HAD TO GET A LEAD ON THE MOB - AND THEY GAVE ME THAT LEAD IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO GET ME OUT OF THE JAIL - BUT -



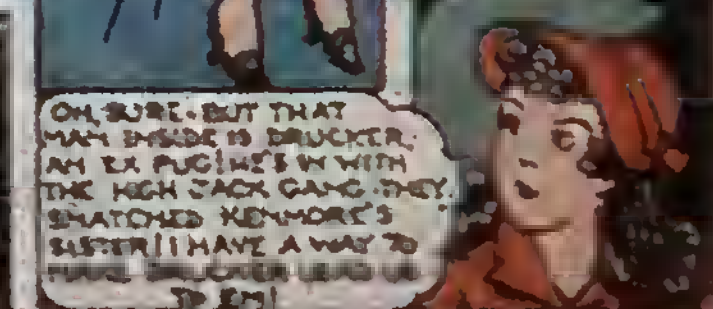
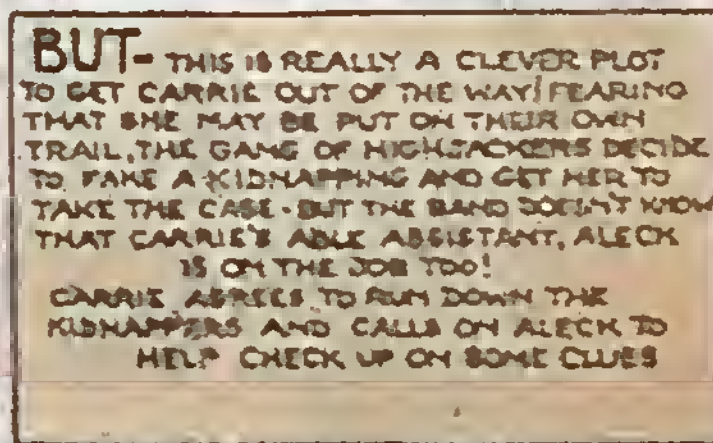
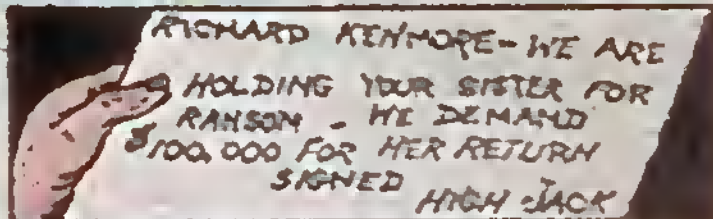
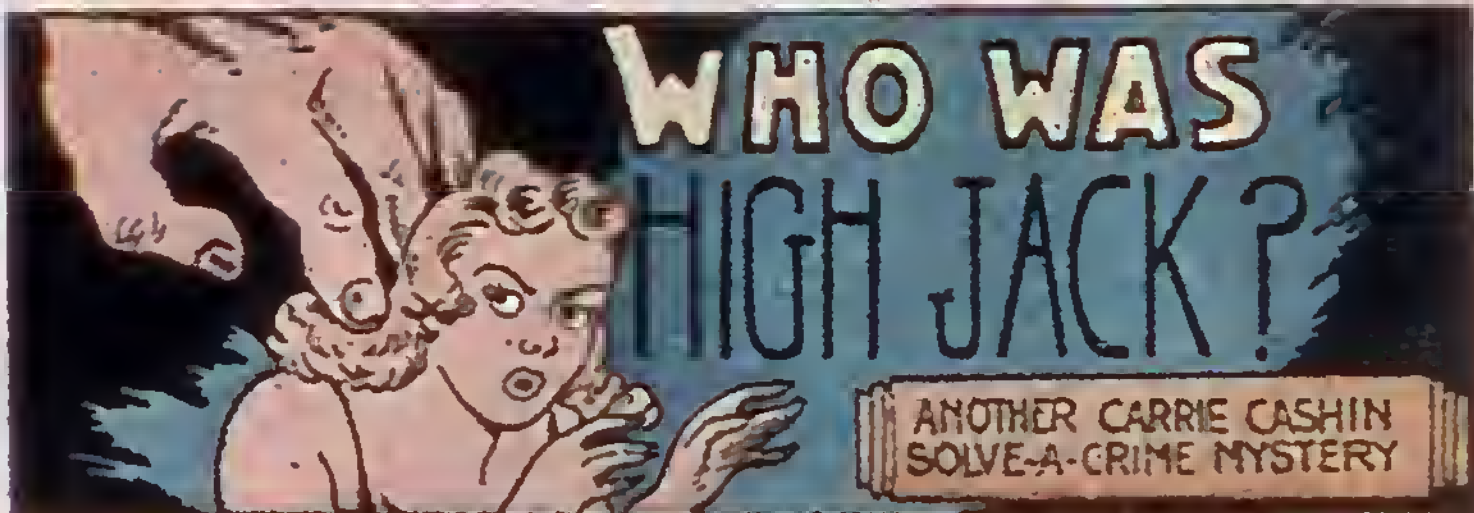
IT WAS THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE THAT REALLY DID THE JOB! YOU SEE - NO MAN'S HAND IS FREE OF IRON DUST - WHICH - WHEN MIXED WITH THIS POWDER - CAUSES THE HAND TO TURN RED -



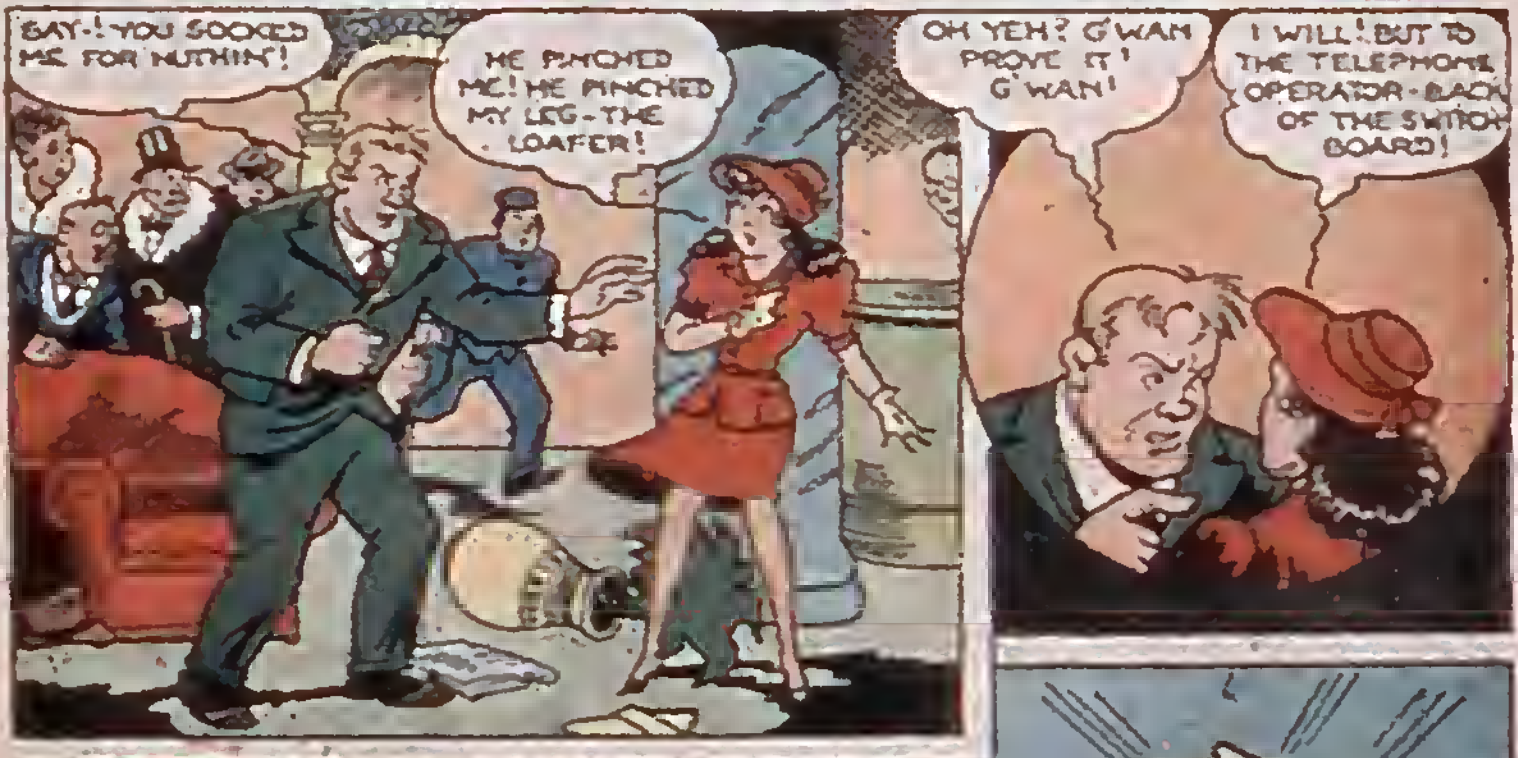
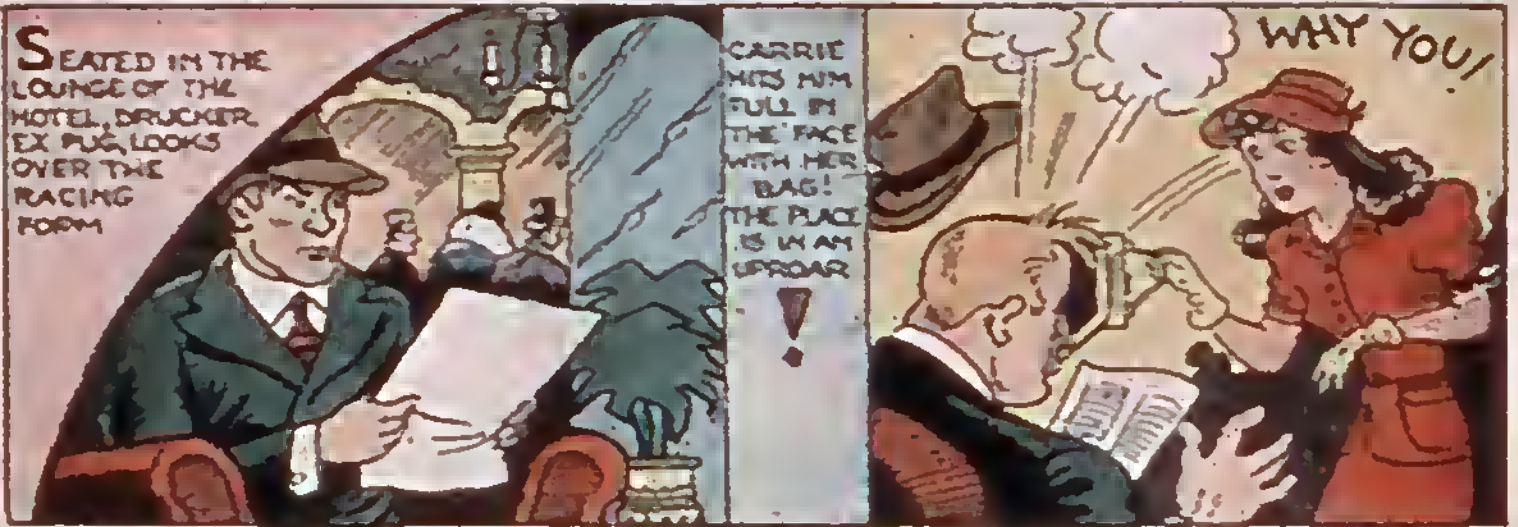
THE RANSOM MONEY WAS MIXED WITH THIS POWDER - SO WHEN THE KIDNAPERS HANDLED THE MONEY - THEIR FINGERS BECAME RED - WELL - YOU KNOW THE REST -

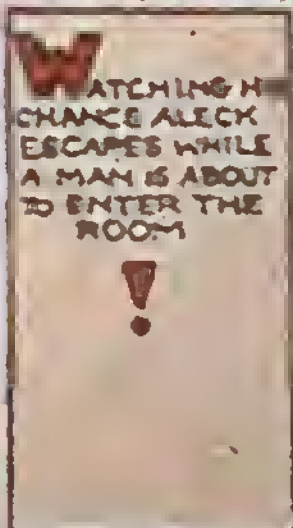
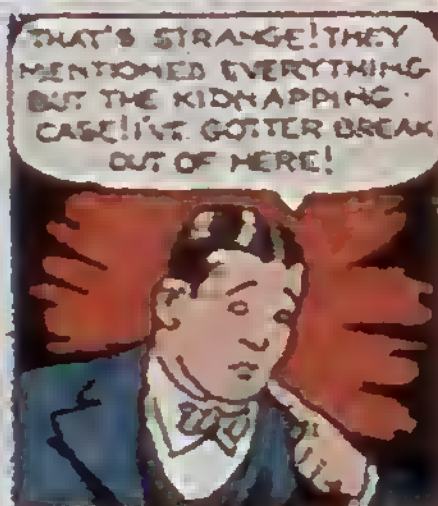


NICK CARTER IS FACED WITH ONE OF THE MOST DARTLING CASES OF HIS LONG CAREER - IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS











BACK AT THE HOTEL, CARRIE IS ABOUT TO ENTER HER ROOM WHEN SHE IS CONFRONTED BY A MAN WHO COVERS HER WITH A GUN!

KEEP YER HAT ON, DEARIE- WE'RE TAKIN' A LITTLE RIDE

CARRIE MANAGES TO SMASH HER WRIST-WATCH AGAINST THE DOOR

NO TRICKS NOW, KID!

I'LL JUST LAY MY WATCH HERE ON THE DRESSER-IT'S NO GOOD TO ME BROKEN

BUT SHE SETS THE HANDS FOR 8:30

PLEASE LET ME GO- I'LL TALK!

CARRIE IS HAULED OFF TO THE SAME ROOM FROM WHICH ALECK HAD ESCAPED SOME MINUTES EARLIER

BUT CARRIE DOESN'T KNOW THIS- NEITHER IS SHE TOLD

YOU'RE NOT REALLY A GUY DETECTIVE, ARE YOU?

NO- I'M WORKIN' FOR HIGH JACK- YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT!

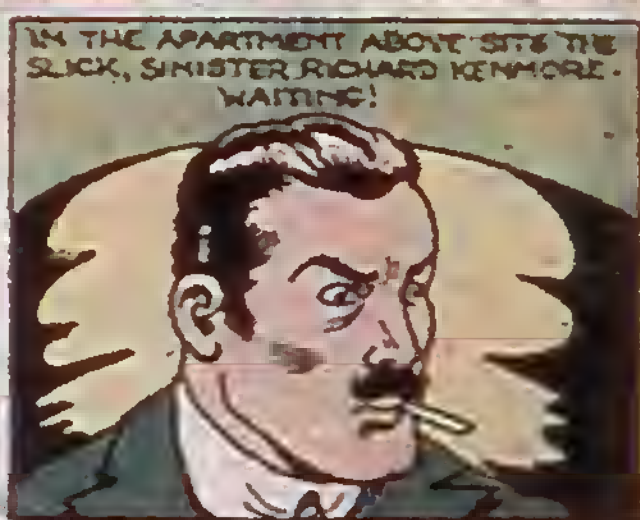
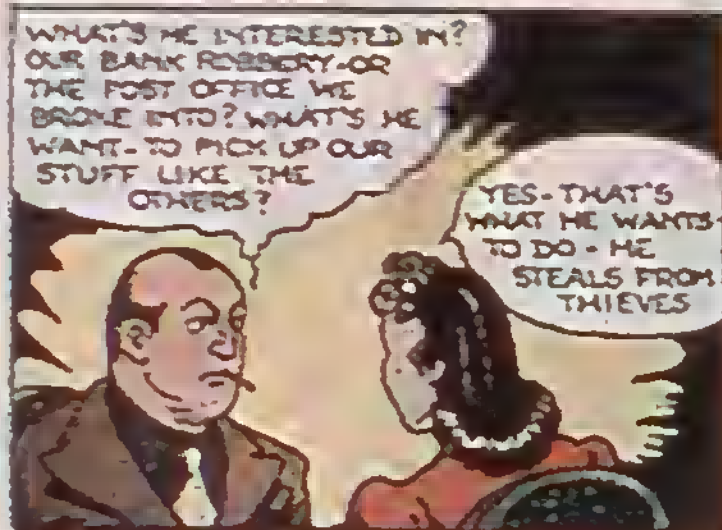
SO YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR HIGH JACK? WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

I DON'T KNOW- HE PICKED ME UP AT A NIGHT CLUB!

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? ANSWER ME, THAT!

HM-M-M- WELL- HE'S ABOUT FIVE FOOT SEVEN- NINETEEN, OR THEREABOUTS- WEARS HIS HAIR PARTED IN THE MIDDLE- MATTY DRESSER- THAT'S AS CLOSE AS I CAN DESCRIBE HIM!







ALECK, WORRIED ABOUT CARRIE, RUSHES BACK TO THE HOTEL.



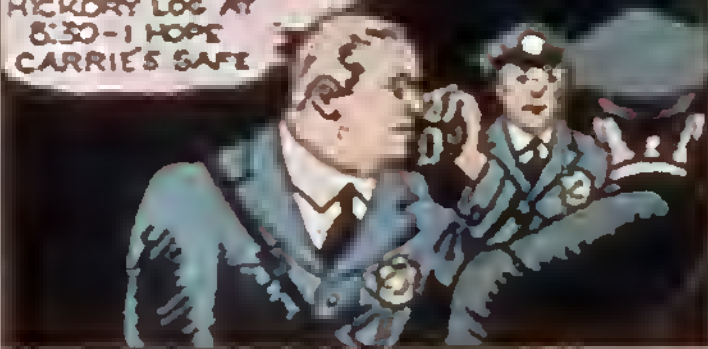
HE FINDS CARRIE GONE FROM HER ROOM- BUT ON THE DRESSER IS HER WRIST WATCH!



HM-M-! THAT'S IT! THE HANDS POINT TO 8:30- WE HAD A DATE AT THAT TIME FOR THE HICKORY LOG! SHE LEFT THIS AS A MESSAGE TO MEET HER THERE!



OKAY, ALECK, ME BOY- I'LL HAVE A SQUAD AT THE HICKORY LOG AT 8:30- I HOPE CARRIE'S SAFE



JUST A MINUTE, HIGH JACK- SOMEONE WANTS TO SEE YOU INSIDE



AS ALECK PASSES A MAN AT A TABLE HE BURSTS OUT INTO LAUGHTER- CARRIE AT ANOTHER TABLE SEES THIS AND-



SIGNALS THE POLICE- WHO ARE WAITING FOR THE PIKE-

SAY- WHO YOU CALLING, HUH? SIT DOWN!



ARREST THAT MAN! HE'S HIGH JACK AND HE'S DANGEROUS, BOYS!



**NOW!**

WHAT WAS THERE IN CARRIE AND ALECK'S INTERVIEWS WITH THE VARIOUS MEN WHICH LED THEM TO BELIEVE THAT KENMORE WAS REALLY HIGH JACK?

# Become a Shadow Detective

50 AIRPLANE KITS AND 50 BASEBALLS WILL BE AWARDED AS PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST ANSWERS IN THE OPINION OF THE JUDGES

Every boy or girl who solves the problem explained below and takes from the six pages just preceding this advertisement has an opportunity to earn one of the 100 prizes by solving the kind of a problem that confronts any detective. The winners' names will be placed in an early issue of THE SHADOW MAGAZINE.

## THE PROBLEM:

First, here's one of the clues which caused Carle to become suspicious that Kennore was actually HIGH JACK.

When Carle and Alack were caught and questioned by the gang, he was mentioned kidnapping. Yet, kidnapping was the main crime they had committed. That caused Carle to question Kennore's truthfulness.

There is, however, one other clue which told Carle that Kennore had not given her the right information.

Can you locate the discrepancy between the statements made by High Jack's gang and the one made by Kennore? That discrepancy caused Carle to ask for Kennore's arrest.

The answer to the May problem is. The letter was written in blue ink. When Carle picked the pen up it spilled the ink on her hand. When Tall Road came into the room she noticed his hand was covered with blue ink. Later, after he washed them, they still remained the blue ink around the fingertips—he was obviously the murderer.

Now, answer the problem in this month's Shadow. The Judges will select the 100 best 18-word answers and award the prizes. Mail your card not later than May 30, 1948, to

# SHADOW COMICS

77 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.







Illustration shows the capture of KIDNAPERS' MIST.

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